

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1897.

## THE HOUSE BY THE HOWFF.

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### CHAPTER VIII.

IN the evening, as the hour of the ball drew near, Lord Balmeath took counsel with Grier as to how the time were best to be passed for his safety, during the absence of himself and Lady Christine. "I do not like leaving you here, for I fear another search. The secret of the vault I believe to be safe, but it is an uncanny place to spend so many hours in. Besides, I am uneasy at the discovery of my daughter's journey last night. Who the traitor may be passes my wit to guess."

"My lord," said Grier, "though much searched for I am not yet known in person, and I would fain sniff the fresh air. A pinch of risk will season it, and doubtless I can find an alehouse where I can safely pass an hour or two. There would be danger in trying Lowrie's door."

"Lowrie," said Balmeath in meditation; "it was Lowrie knew of the attempt, and it was Lowrie knew of your coming to the house. Can it be that Lowrie has turned Whig?"

"No, no, my lord; Lowrie's a leal man; my head on that."

"Well, well; come, and I will show you something more." He led the way to the entrance-hall, and revealed to Grier that the centre of the second quatrefoil in the wall, when pressed,

locked the first one and prevented it opening the secret door, and the operation of this stop could only be freed by pressing the third. Their effects on the inside were the same, save that they must be pulled instead of pressed.

"It is a keen contrivance," said Grier, "and shows mickle wit in the man who made it."

"I made it, Sergeant; and for no purpose but to ease a weary mind somewhat bent that way." They descended into the vault. "This is what I would show you," continued his lordship; "here, in this corner, under this great screen of ivy, is a door. I will put the key in the lock; it opens inwards, and leads into the Howff; you will find the ivy hangs as thick over it on the outside. Here is a candle and some books. You can remain here for an hour or two till the streets are quiet. Once in the burial-ground you will find the wall beyond the house quite low. I trust to your discretion for the rest."

"My lord, I will do honour to your confidence. Perhaps by cock-crow your lordship will be differently resolved about that matter."

"No more of that, James. Good-night, till I return."

The festivity at Lord Denmuir's house (the same to which Lady Christine had borne the packet in the morn-

ing) was the first of the season. The gentry of Forfarshire were accustomed to congregate in Dundee for their autumn and winter gaities, and although the late woeful rising had sorely winnowed their ranks, there was yet a goodly company. "Losh," said an old dame as she gazed on the assembling, "but we have some fine forgetters among us!" There were those present who, but a short year ago, had promised themselves to dance next under the Stuart rule. Now their tongues on that matter lay idle in their cheeks, and as the old dame again phrased it: "Twixt a Whig reel and a Stuart reel there's just this difference; the music is the same, but the lilt is anither kind."

Chief among the younger men for gallant looks and courtly breeding shone Major Pitcairn. He brought a high name with him from Fontenoy, and had never concealed his dislike of the work he had been called to in Scotland. Indeed, it was said that he never struck a blow at Culloden, though he set the line an example of firmness under the wild Highland onset; and since then he had made no secret of the disfavour with which he viewed the harsh measures ordered against the broken Jacobites, and with secret contentment reckoned the days to his retirement. But one now remained; after the morrow he purposed returning to his estates in Fife, and meanwhile he showed but a cold interest in Captain Arklay's zeal, being somewhat heedless of the details of the late adventure on the post-road. To-night he showed his pre-occupation by the continuous effort to conceal it. The graciousness of the mothers in the company he met with smiling answers, and the daughters all received his equal tribute of compliment; but still he stood apart, and they made their account elsewhere amid the now animated dancers.

Lord Balmeath and his daughter were late, the first dance being already over as they entered. His lordship's velvet coat was of an antique style, but he was really clad in his grave nobility which his misfortune rather heightened than abated. As for Lady Christine, her French maid had wrought a miracle of art in silk; and although at first she seemed to shrink from the general gaze directed upon her, she soon rose into a sweet unconsciousness. Denmuir, the host, instead of addressing a welcome to her in turn, continued to her father: "Faith, Balmeath, what mean ye by grieving for lost lands when ye have but to ask any title in the two kingdoms if he needs a wife, and ye may have what acres ye will." The lady turning her eyes aside from this flattery met those of Pitcairn, and to check her rising colour as she bowed, slightly raised her brows. It gave more meaning to her smile than she intended, but it brought the Major from his corner.

"Major, I am pleased to hear a fine account of you from Fontenoy," said Lord Balmeath as he shook hands with him. "Your grandfather was a Stuart; your father was both Stuart and Whig; what are you, sir?"

"My lord, I am what I am, and sorry if it displease you. May I dance with your daughter if she will grant me the favour?"

"My daughter shall dance with whom it pleases her. I know the rules of life, Major. Your father and I were rivals in love and arms; the lady and the cause are both dead."

The violins in the alcove were tuning again, and the stir of choosing partners was renewed in the room. Already some couples stood under the great centre candelabrum with its forty lights, while from the silver sconces on the wall with their triple flames a soft lustre fell on moving

groups and sparkled in the ladies' eyes.

"It is a cotillon, Lady Christine; do you grant it?"

"Your new mode from France will shame mine."

"You will make the old new again."

They moved forward to the line of dancers and took their places.

"Balmeath, come here." The old lord turned to where an elderly dame sat in a deep cushioned chair. She was powdered and decked with much lace and finery, and although the hand which held the beckoning fan had lost its plumpness there was still a grace in its curve, and about its purport lingered the ghost of a vanished coquetry. He made a stately bow: "And how does Mistress Rutherford?"

"Grows aulder, Balmeath, and wi' little will." The voice was clear and precise, and the words were those of a time when the Scottish tongue was heard in halls and courts.

"It is a misfortune we share together, and is too true."

"True? Faith an' ye that were wont to be a lady's man kened how I detest clocks, calendars, an' lang memories, ye wad find a way to stop their use, an' put a spigot in the cask o' time."

"You must lay a lighter task upon me. I begin to take a pleasure in seeing the wine run out."

"Ye're a fule, Balmeath; ye'll be dead sune enough." The dancers pursued their stately measures. "Do ye think they dance as well as we did in our young days?"

"No; they dance with their legs; we danced with our hearts. Look at them; they have neither faith nor master."

The dame's keen eyes wandered over the couples. "An' yet ye'll have Whigs for grandbairns, Balmeath."

"How am I to take you, Mistress Rutherford?"

"See at Christine and Pitcairn. Faith an' they are a bonny pair, the brawest there. Ye keep that lass at hame, Balmeath, an' teach her things she cares nocht for and should na. Now the bird is oot o' the cage, see how it flitters in its ain air."

The old lord's eyes sought out his daughter and the Major, as with wondrous grace they pursued the evolutions of the dance. A strange series of expressions passed over his face; he was seeing things he had not heeded or thought of. "She shall not," he said at last.

"Ay, but she sall, an' she will." The dame laid her hand on his arm as he sat beside her. "Balmeath, ye forget that Blanche, when ye wedded her, was a Whig an' a bold ane. An' it says mickle for the love she bore ye that ye made her a Stuart."

The old man's eyes softened, and he fell into silence. The dance went gaily, and the candlelight sparkled on the men's sword-hilts and shoe-buckles and on fair ladies' jewels. Round about in groups stood those who for the nonce did not dance; some early visitors to the buffet laughed in a far corner; over all floated the quaint reiterated cadence of the bassoon. Balmeath seemed neither to see nor hear; his hands were folded before him, and his lips moved in silence. The name of his wife had wrought the change, and when at last his hands relaxed their clasp and the motion of his lips ceased, Mistress Rutherford, bending forward, said piously in his ear, "Amen."

He bowed his head. "Marry a Whig and bear a turncoat's name," he said, half piteously.

"Balmeath, ye confound the Stuarts wi' the Almighty, an' their comin' wi' the day o' judgment. Ye are ower dour a mortal; ye maun learn to smile a wee afore ye die. See at

me! I selled my plate an' pearls, my siller buckles an' gowden vinaigrette, a' for the Prince. Whaur's my gawds now? I grat at the news frae Drumossie Muir, but I'm no gaen girnin' before my Maker for nae sic thing as that. Laugh, man, laugh an' fash na your thumb. Make your peace wi' the new powers an' get the receiver aff your lands. See Christine married, and live happy a wee. We've fought an' we've lost; it's a tyke's trick to bark at the heels o' the victors."

"No, no; it may not be. My life is in it. Let the world turn Whig if it will, Balmeath remains Balmeath."

"See now," said the dame caressingly, "look as ye werena lookin'." The music ceased, and with courtly obeisances the men led their partners from the floor. "Are na they a bonny pair? They have danced wi' their hearts as ye said, an' now they are for the caller air. Wad ye spoil the play, Balmeath? But ye wad do nae sic thing. The moon's on the water, an' there's a saft wind blawin'; what mair do lovers want? Sit still, auld man; our day is dune; there's a new ane openin'; let them be. There's a minuet for the auld folks; will ye dance wi' me?"

"In faith I will, Ellen, and drink a bumper to you as of old."

"I dropped a glove at your feet, Balmeath, on a time. How many years is that gane?"

"Forty-one, as I live now."

"An' what o' that? I'll dance the crook oot o' my knees wi' ye this night; dance the auld waird awa' an' the new ane in." Suddenly she changed her tone. "There's that gomeril o' a nephew o' mine, Captain Arklay. Come here, sir!"

The Captain approached and saluted his aunt. To Lord Balmeath he bowed distantly.

"Na, na," said the dame, "shake

hands. Balmeath has forsworn his anger against Whigs the nicht. Hands, gentlemen!"

"Captain Arklay and I have had a private difference, Mistress Rutherford," said his lordship with dignity, "which is yet to settle. We will shake hands or not as the event may prove."

"Difference, difference, — what, swords?"

"You outrun the story, aunt," the Captain said. "Who mentioned swords?" Balmeath turned away.

"I said swords," answered the dame imperiously. "Balmeath never settled a difference yet but at his sword's point. But, sir, gin ye draw on an auld man ye'll find your heritage mickle skimpit, sae I warn ye." She also turned away to where Lord Balmeath awaited her for the minuet.

Meanwhile Major Pitcairn and Lady Christine stood in the porch of the garden-door amidst a group of other dancers retired from the ball-room. A soft wind blew, and there was scarce a cloud in the sky to mar the beauty of the moon and stars. Lady Christine stood gazing with a sweet content after the elation of the dance, when she was aware of a touch on her arm, and old Elspeth from the inside held forth a light shawl: "Put that ower your head, Christine." The Major assisted to arrange it, and the three being close together, Elspeth whispered: "There's a late rose-bush by the east wa'; Major Pitcairn will pluck ye a bonny bud," and withdrew. They stepped outside to the path and, gradually detaching themselves from the merry company, too occupied with their own gaiety to observe them, wandered to where Christine well knew the tree stood.

"Why is it that roses look better by the moon than by the sun?" he asked.

"Because the moon is feminine, and forbears to show their faults."

"And if, after all my choosing, this one should have a worm in it"—

"I should never know, unless it were by the smell. Roses with worms at their heart smell sweetest."

"Who taught you that, Lady Christine?"

"No one; and I do not know if it is true. It seems as if it should be."

He turned into the path that led down the garden, but she held back as if inclining to return. "Come," he said, "there are more parables in this place." For the moment, however, he found no more to say, and in silence they reached the harbour, whence in the morning Lady Christine had watched the departure of Sir Francis Burdett. Turning, they stood by the open doorway in the shadow of a flowering thorn.

"I have had three good wishes in life come true," he said.

"That's a good number," she answered. "What were they?"

"To know you once six months ago, to meet you again a month later, and now to be alone with you like this." She said nothing. "Three is a fateful number," he continued. "Colonel Urquhart, who was a sententious man, used to say, 'Beware of the third pass; rather receive it than make it!'"

"He died at Culloden?" she said, as if to turn the conversation.

"Yes; where Scot killed Scot, a fearful thing. But see, Lady Christine, here are no sides nor politics. The moon is neither Whig nor Jacobite, and I could speak to you of a thousand things and never mention a king."

"I do not care much for kings or their wars, Major. A sky like this makes them petty. What bright streak is that which glitters so in the Tay towards Fife?"

"That is the Earn water. It is fresher than the brackish Firth and will not mix. Far out in the ocean you may trace the froth of its eddy, a stubborn Jacobite stream that will

not admit the supremacy of the Whig sea."

"Oh, Major, you go back on yourself; that is a parable for me. I am the mountain-water Jacobite?"

"You are the sweetest spring that flows in this troubled land."

"That is worse. We came here to drink the fresh air, and you make fine speeches."

"I make no fine speeches; I find occasion for my heart's truth and speak it. And I would you trowed me as you do the fresh wind."

"The wind blows from a different air with each day."

"But is still the wind; loud, soft, cold or warm, still the same. Love is like that."

There was a long pause while she gazed, her face safe in the shadow, over the wide placid firth. And at last she said, as if half to herself: "Is it like that?"

"No," he answered, "love is like love."

"If I had the skill," she answered, "I would make a rhyme of what you say."

"What want you with rhymes, Lady Christine, when with a word you may have the thing itself?"

"Oh, a pretty jingle helps remembrance. Women like tokens." This last she added in a low voice. Through an opening in the leaves a moonbeam fell upon a glittering object which hung dangling near the lady's hands. It was the golden tag of a lace which, in the fashion of the time, threaded her long gloves at the wrist.

"See, Lady Christine," said Pitcairn, "this has fallen from its knot; and if love goes by tokens, a man might know his fate by it. For if you bade me tie it, I should learn that I was knotting up your heart; but if you said nothing, and I were to draw it away and keep it for a token, then I should know it was with your good

will." He gently pulled the lace, and as it slowly ran clear she stood motionless with bowed head and burning face. At its end the other tag caught and stayed. "It holds, Lady Christine," he said in a whisper. She hesitated, silent; then bowing her head lower, she slipped it through so that it went free into his fingers. Then he stood upright, emboldened, and with a glad exclamation folded her in his arms, saying, "Christine, Christine!" She turned up her face to his kiss, and there was a long silence.

"That means, Christine, that you will wed with me?"

"Oh," she answered, gently withdrawing herself, "I was not thinking of that, or of any such earthly matter."

"And yet, otherwise, your father would run me through for a villain to disjoin love and wedlock. So, to set you above his reproach or another's, say either that kiss was nothing, and I will uphold your honour against the world and swear the fact away to myself; or say that you will wed with me, and the world may wag as it will."

"In truth, Pitcairn, in truth,—surely,—oh me, Pitcairn, but in faith you have my heart, and all goes with that."

"It is so," he answered solemnly. Then after a pause, which neither knew how to break, he said, "You ask no troth from me."

"Oh, but I know you; you would not have taken mine had yours not gone before."

"By God in heaven, Christine, and that is a dire Scots oath, your trust exalts me, and I have no king, nor faith, nor land, nor house, but only you."

"And yourself?"

"For your purposes only."

"Well then, the rest is simple."

A footfall was heard on the gravel

path, and Pitcairn, stepping from the arbour, encountered a servant who said, "Major Pitcairn, Mistress Rutherford would speak with you."

"Say I am coming." He turned back to where Christine stood. "Go alone," she said; "I will follow by and by." She listened to his footsteps, and when their sound had faded, seated herself by the table where in the morning had rested the four foreign seamen, the strange accomplices of her night's mission. The moon was sinking lower over the hills of Fife, touching the waters of the broad Tay with a steely light. Beyond the garden wall little waves broke lispng on the foreshore, and Christine sat quiet, with her face between her hands, gazing and thinking.

Pitcairn, entering the ball-room, made his way to the old dame. She eyed him narrowly for an instant, and then said: "Sir, when ye take or steal tokens of leddy's love, see ye stuff them out o' sight." From the pocket of his coat hung the golden tag and an inch of Lady Christine's glove-lace. His face coloured deeply as he thrust it into concealment. "Is it serious, sir, or gallant's play?"

"Madam?"

"Madam me no madams; I dandled ye when a bairn. Answer and be well advised."

"Christine and I will wed."

"Then I wish ye joy. But ye start wi' a fu' day's wark. There's a meeting made atween Balmeath and Arklay. Ye maun stop it."

"What is the affair?"

"What ken I o' the affair? That's for you to discover."

"I know this much by Arklay's report, that the man who did so unceremoniously by him on the Perth road was supposed to be in Balmeath's house. Balmeath denied it, but Arklay searched the house. He should have taken Balmeath's word.

It is a case where authority should not overstep courtesy. If Balmeath said *no*, it was *no*. I will see Arklay."

Major Pitcairn moved over to where his subordinate stood gaily chatting with a group of young men, and touched him on the shoulder, taking a step back: "Arklay, I would have you report yourself to me before you leave. There may be duty."

"I have an engagement, Major."

"What is it that goes before duty?"

"Honour, Pitcairn."

"And who questions it?"

"Major, you know these affairs are private, and I apprehend you do not deliberately mean to prevent me."

"Captain Arklay, you will please report yourself to me before leaving the house."

#### CHAPTER IX.

JAMES GRIER, left to himself in the vault by the house, soon began to find his durance unbearable. "There's a fat, lusty smell of death here," he said to himself, "and I am as yet a living man. But if I bide longer in his house I'll have the lank loon here himself, scythe an' a', to fetch me; and I wad sooner face a troop o' Whigs than stand a fa' wi' death."

He opened the door that led into the burial-ground, and, closing it carefully behind him, pushed through the thick overhanging ivy into the open air. The place seemed doubly deserted in the moonlight. Long ghostly shadows from the gravestones lay along the ground, and from one particular flat tomb a glimmering light shone, which changed and flickered like an eye that was fixed on his. He felt daunted for a moment, and would have retired again into the vault, until he perceived that the light was but the moonbeams twinkling

from a slab of granite. He advanced some steps to where he saw, beyond the end of the house, a low bordering wall. Suddenly he was aware of the form of a man who leaped this wall from the outside, and, skirting the side of the house abutting on the burial-ground, advanced to a low window, on one of the panes of which he played a kind of tune with his fingertips. Grier sank down noiselessly in the dank grass, heedless of graves or death in view of this new mystery. In a few moments the window was softly opened, and the man, by the aid of an iron bar built into it, drew himself up, and by degrees pushed himself through into the house, the window being closed quietly behind him.

Grier rose cautiously and slipped behind the vault. "This is not in the orders of the day," he said to himself, "and I have a fancy that I have seen this man. In any case he has been this gate before now, and the kimmer in the kitchen is in the plot." His first impulse was to approach the window and listen, but he remembered he had a safe entrance to the house through the vault, to which he accordingly returned, and removed his boots. The door obeyed its secret springs, and Grier stood within the house. Proceeding with noiseless circumspection he made his way through the dining-hall to a door at the further end which opened on some stone steps. Pausing here he heard voices in conversation, and by moving only while they spoke he succeeded in reaching the landing where was the proper door of the kitchen. It stood ajar, and through the chink by the hinges he could see the man and the French serving-maid in a posture of much familiarity, for his arm was thrown round her shoulders, and she looked up smilingly in his face, while wiping a plate, which presently she set down

before a pasty. The man drew in a chair and addressed himself to the dish, of which Grier thought he remembered to have partaken at dinner.

The pair within talked on in persuaded safety, somewhat intermittently on the man's part, for the pasty was evidently to his taste, and he had not the appearance of one likely to balk his appetite for talk's sake.

The girl set down a jug of ale by his elbow. "Yes, Rosie," he said, "you only told us half, and the wrong half, for we missed our man."

"And how?" asked the girl, in her broken English.

"Why, my dear, our captain, who was in advance, was tied up like a trussed fowl by a sturdy man on foot, and the fellow on the horse, coming along, got past, and we knew nothing of it till too late."

"How for a man was he?"

"Come now, Rosie; I like a jest, but this is none. You know the man well enough; him that came to this house to-day."

The girl hesitated, but showed no surprise or abashment. Grier now recognised in the man before him the trooper he had answered by the way-side and remarked in the market-place. "Ah," she said, "you come for things to know, not for me."

"That's not fair, my dear. It's you that bring me here, and if I want to know some things, why that is to bring me promotion the sooner. I can't marry until I get promotion you know, Rosie." He drew the girl to him, his repast being ended save for some small remnant of ale. "Besides, my dear, the Captain is in a rage, and my comrades are laughing. So you'll just admit he was here to-day, this man, eh?"

Grier felt certain that the girl, however reluctant, could not hold out long against this kind of insistence.

He therefore retired with his previous caution, and proceeding upstairs to the room under the roof where he had presided over the fencing, chose from among the weapons on the wall a naked sword, with which he returned to his post behind the door.

The trooper had set the girl on his knee, and was still coaxing her with soft words interspersed with an occasional kiss. "So far so good, my sweet," he was saying; "but I want to know where he is now, and then the name of the gallant that followed on the horse. And you shall tell me, for with that information I can make my name."

Grier was pleased to learn by this question that he was back in time. For himself he cared not so much, but he was determined that the name of the rider should remain unrevealed.

"Come, Rosie," said the trooper.

"I will not be traitress," she answered.

"Tuts! What fine notions are these about rebels? Traitor indeed! What's the man to you, eh? Because your master's in the plot, I suppose. Tell me now."

The girl shook her head, and the trooper took another way. He set her down, and, rising himself with an affectation of wounded feelings, said: "You are carrying this too far, Rosie. I am serious; I have given my word to find him. Where is he?" She paused, irresolute. "Where is he?" he repeated.

"Here," said Grier, throwing open the door and calmly walking into their midst; "here, my honest soldier. Take him if you can. You'll never have such another chance of promotion."

The girl fell back in a terror that did not seek to cry; while the trooper in an astonishment quite as great, jumped from his chair, and gradually withdrew before the naked blade advanced against him.

"Where's your tool, my dandy?" continued Grier. "I trussed your captain; here's a spit for you." The trooper showed no sign of either attacking or resisting. Even without the odds of a sword, he could see his opponent was of no light account, being more powerfully built than himself and of a most manifest resolution. He therefore fell back on policy: "Who are you?" he asked.

"Why the very man you seek, come most pat and obligingly to aid you to promotion,—if it so happen. Where's your weapon?"

"You see I have none."

"So," said Grier; "in that case we can come to a parley. But, friend, if you seek to surprise me, attempt to escape, or make a noise, I will use the advantage of this skewer on you instantan. I was a soldier when you were a babe, and have been a man of my word all the time, so be advised." Turning to the girl, he said: "Sit here, mistress; you play an important part." She sat down as directed; the trooper did likewise.

"Now," continued Grier, "frank and honest makes a plain end. You come here, brave soldier, gallanting with this lass, whether honestly or not is her affair. *C'est le jeu d'amour, mademoiselle; ça va en Ecosse comme en France, n'est ce pas? L'homme propose,—il fait son mieux—la fille dispose. Si elle ne dispose pas bien, tant pis pour elle.*" The girl made no answer, but gazed at Grier with the same look of silent terror. "But friend," he pursued addressing the trooper, "you draw a professional profit from your sweet-hearting, and that's not honest. I allow you the meat and drink, for love comes easier off a full stomach; and I even pass over the window-loupin', for by an ancient proverb the pleasure is thereby sweetened. But I do not admit the political pro-

fit. That concerns me, and I am to be considered. If it has come to your liberty or mine, you will see I have the advantage, and a knack of using it if necessary. Now, I'll make a pact wi' you, and take your promise on it. You for your part shall not seek to know anything more of me, or of the affair of the past night, nor to further use the information you have, or ask for more. And on my part I'll be secret on this matter of interloping and feasting, and you shall go scot-free. It's a good way I propound to you, for you can kiss and cuddle at ease without the profane admixture of politics. What say you? A soldier's word and I am your man."

He laid the sword on the table in suggestion of a friendly consent. But the trooper, suddenly snatching up the long bread-knife that lay on the platter before him, launched it, point first, at Grier. The feat, to be successful, demands practice, and only the flat of the blade struck the old soldier, which it did with such force as to cut his lip. Instantly the Sergeant rushed at his man, who had leaped up, and they closed. In the struggle Grier's superior strength and adroitness soon told. The trooper's head was forced back by the terrible knuckles under his chin, and then the fingers closed on his throat like an iron gin. The man fell backwards choking, and Grier, after knocking his head several times on the stone floor, rose with a final gesture of contempt. As he turned he encountered the French maid standing within a yard of him, with the long knife in her half-lifted, irresolute hand. Uttering a cry, she threw the knife from her, and rushed from the kitchen, through the dining-hall towards the street-door, where Grier overtook her, and, lifting her bodily in his arms, bore her back to the kitchen, the door of which he locked.

"I'd be swier to hurt a lass," he

said, "but ye must bide here for the present." The trooper began to show signs of recovering consciousness, and at last opened his eyes and looked about him dazedly. Grier sat quietly watching him till he rose, and walked somewhat unsteadily to a chair.

"Ay," said the Sergeant, "ye'd been better to accept my plan. May be ye feel in the mind to agree to it now?"

The man's tongue was still too thick for utterance, so he nodded approval.

"Well, so be it. Your name?" The words would not yet come, and Grier seizing the ale-jug said, "Drink, man." To the girl he said, "You can tell me his name till he recovers himself."

"Patrick Scott," she answered.

"And who is your officer in command?"

"Major Pitcairn," said the man; and the girl added, "He is at the ball to-night."

"Well, it's a promise; and as for you, mistress, you will hold your tongue to save your sweetheart's credit, and he will do the same by you. Eh, sir?"

"Curse her," said the trooper; "it's through her I have come to this. I'll be laughed at, the mock of the troop. She has led me a pretty dance with her hints and half-tellings."

"Tuts, man, love's a grand for-giver."

"Love!" answered the man in derision. "Love! It's gold I played for. You have your promise; let me go. She may be damned for what I care now."

The girl rose, and sought to grasp the knife, but Grier quickly removed it. "Scélérat!" she cried to the trooper, her eyes blazing, her fingers twitching; "Lâche! Pourquoi ne l'avez vous pas tué?" she said to Grier, with hatred on every feature.

"Take it easy, lass. Mind aye this;

a soldier's a warm lover, but a short one. With them love's a draw-well, and the bucket's aye gangin' in. If ye want a running spring, marry a blacksmith or a grocer."

The trooper now rose, and made for the door, which Grier opened, conducting him through the house and ushering him into the street. "It's a promise," he said, as he stood on the steps.

"Yes," was the answer. When Grier returned to the kitchen it was empty, and a chair under the open window towards the burial-ground showed which way the girl had gone.

## CHAPTER X.

GRIER, whose chief concern throughout had been to secure the silence of the girl, was mortally chagrined at her disappearance. It was now abundantly clear that it was information given by her to the trooper, partial and half-hearted as it probably had been, which led to the ambush on the high-road. Now she was gone, it was impossible for the Sergeant to complete his design of discovering whether she in fact knew that the chief actor was her mistress. His exultation at the hatred set up between the girl and her perfidious wooer was thus dashed by the uncertainty of what she might now do or reveal. He sat long by the table absorbed in reflection. Then he rose, searched for pen, ink, and paper, and sat down again to write. After many alterations he made a fair copy, saying: "Yes, it is the only way. The safety of my poor skin is not in the count against so sweet a life. I'll do it, come what will."

Quenching the light, he stood on the chair and climbed through the window into the burial-ground. "I'll leave this open. She may think better of the affair and come back. I may come back myself." He leaped the wall and

found himself in a narrow lane winding between scattered houses, and presently emerged into the Friar's Wynd. Boldness was everything now, and he proceeded straight into the heart of the town. All he knew to guide him was that the ball was at Lord Denmuir's, and that Major Pitcairn was present. Thoughts of Lowrie entered his head, but he judged, after his friend's fears and warning, that the quest after him had taken its beginning in that quarter. Nevertheless he passed down the Thorter Row in front of Lowrie's house, with the hope of perchance finding the cripple boy. But there was no sign of him; the streets were almost empty, and the few persons he met passed quickly, bent on their own affairs. No loungers could he find with whom to take occasion for a word. "Tis a most virtuous and home-keeping town," he said.

At last he came to an alehouse, whose door was dimly lit by a flickering oil-lamp. Entering boldly he found in the outer room some few individuals drinking and smoking solemnly. From an inner parlour came the sound of roysterers, but his account did not lie there.

He called for some ale, and drank a mouthful, to give the company time to observe him, a necessary preliminary as he knew. By and by he borrowed a piece of match-paper for his pipe, as a pretext to entangle the landlady in talk, but she was immediately called into the inner parlour; profit goes before courtesy. Time was passing and still nobody spoke.

"It's a fine nicht," said Grier generally, turning round.

"Ay, it's a fine nicht," answered one man slowly, after a pause, and in a tone of reluctant assent.

"There will be braw doings at the ball," continued the Sergeant.

"Ay," was the sole response.

Grier cursed his countrymen heartily

but inaudibly. Secrecy, however, was no longer of consequence to him, so he continued, "I am a stranger here."

This elicited no response.

"Is it a Whig affair, or the other side?"

"Oh it's just both."

"Whose house is it at?"

"Denmuir's."

"And where is that?"

"Are ye invited?"

"Na, faith; I was just wondering."

"Ye maun be a fell stranger if ye dinna ken Denmuir's house."

Grier tossed off his ale and left the place with still deeper imprecations on the Scots taciturnity. Outside he chanced upon a passer-by with whom he decisively grappled. "Can ye tell me, sir, where is Denmuir's house?"

"Ay, fine that," answered the man; "but I'm thinkin' they will no be wantin' ye there the nicht."

"But I wish to get there all the same."

"Ye'll no belong to Dundee?"

"No; I come from Perth."

"Perth? Ay weel, keep the gait ye're gaein'. It's on the south side."

Grier held on. After a few steps he laughed, saying: "I am afeared there will be sore detention at the day o' judgment over the Scots, for they will answer to nothing till it's proved upon them." Holding on his way he came to the large house which by evident signs was the one he sought. Pressing through a knot of chairmen and servants, he pushed the gate, and crossed the garden path to the front porch. "This is Lord Denmuir's?" he said to a portly man in livery.

"Maybe it is."

"And Major Pitcairn is here?"

"Well, it's possible."

"Then please take this paper to him."

"Who are ye?"

"Never heed, my friend; my busi-

ness is important. Give that paper to the Major ; he will see me."

Major Pitcairn had just turned away from Captain Arklay, after enjoining on him the order to report himself before leaving, when he received the note from the servant. He at once unfolded it and read : *I come here with important information on last night's affair on the Perth road, and await your orders. The matter is pressing.*

"Is the man here?"

"Yes, sir, at the door."

"I will see him." On the approach of the Major, Grier made a military salute. "I would speak with you, sir, in a safe place."

"We shall not be overheard here."

"Then, sir, I deliver myself into your power as the doer of that affair on the post-road last night. My name is Grier, James Grier, formerly sergeant to Lord Balmeath in France. His lordship has unknowingly mixed himself with me because of our old acquaintance, if I may make bold to speak so ; but he has nocht to do with my act. I am fearful of the consequences to him, and will confess the particulars in good time. I am the only culprit, at your service, sir ; and I trust to your honour to see that his lordship suffers no scathe."

Pitcairn looked steadily at Grier. "Your action does you credit. You have told me true, and know the consequences?"

"I have said, sir. I value his lordship's peace of mind more than my own bones, and his daughter's more than my life."

"Tell me another thing. You were not in the house when it was searched?"

"In the house, sir, strictly speaking, no. And on that matter also I wish to tell you that his lordship and Captain Arklay came to words, and they meet after this ball is over with

swords. His lordship commands that I shall second him ; he is a stubborn man and will not by that. So I beg my liberty to attend him as I am in duty bound. But, sir, I trust you will take means to prevent the meeting. His lordship is an old man. If you will watch to arrive on the ground in good opportunity and stop the affair, I will faithfully give myself up."

"Your name again is?"

"James Grier."

"I will see to it."

"I thank you, sir. You will justify his lordship's opinion of you, and his daughter's."

Major Pitcairn bowed slightly, then, as if struck by a thought, asked : "Does Lady Christine know of the meeting?"

"No, sir. It is half,—ay, more than half—for her sake I come here. You have authority, sir. Save an old, unfortunate man and his daughter, and I, the true fautour they would fain shield, will go with an even mind to whatever the Whig laws have in store for me."

"I will be frank with you," said Pitcairn. "I knew of the meeting, and have already taken means to prevent it. You had better appear, however, to attend Lord Balmeath. If thereafter you disappear, you might not be greatly sought for."

"No, sir ; I will yield myself to clear his lordship."

"You are bent on that?"

"Fixed, sir."

"What is his daughter's happiness to you?"

"'Tis my whim, sir, after seeing her. She needs her father ; I have done my day's work in the world."

"Very well ; good night."

Grier saluted formally, and took his way back to the House by the Howff to await his lordship. He entered by the window, and was

disappointed to find no sign of the French girl's return. In case of treachery on the trooper's part, he betook himself with a candle and a book to the dreary vault, and sat down on a little hard bench which stood in a dusky corner. The book was entitled *THE MARROW OF MODERN DIVINITY*, and after a vain struggle with two sentences the Sergeant composedly fell asleep.

CHAPTER XI.

GRIER slept on while the poor remnant of candle he had brought with him burned lower and lower, and finally guttered out in its socket. Then he woke with a start, and in a half terror at the cold and darkness, confusedly sought among the threads of his recollection for a clue as to where he was, and what had waked him. A strange, vague rustling fell on his ear, too heavy and persistent for bird or bat. It seemed to come from the ivy outside, and after some efforts he located it high up on the wall towards the burial-ground. Undoubtedly some living thing was pushing its way inside. He distinguished breathing, and the half articulate sounds of some one struggling. Gazing steadily at one of the gothic trefoil openings he could see the faint moonlight obstructed by a moving body. Presently something dropped on the floor of the vault, and immediately afterwards the person followed, evidently falling prostrate as he alit, and rising again. Whoever he was he made his way to the secret door, and Grier heard the light click of its spring as it opened. He advanced noiselessly. The door was not immediately shut, and in the faint light of the house passage he distinguished the figure of the cripple boy.

"Cupid, my son," said Grier, becoming jocular in his relief.

Davie started and raised his crutch to strike. Then he recognised the Sergeant. "It's you I'm seeking. Were ye in the dead-house?"

"Yes, and followed you."

"An' what for didna ye speak?"

"Because I did not ken ye. What brings you here?"

"Lowrie sent me to tell you that him an' me is in the lock-up. Ye're to rin awa'."

"And what are Lowrie and you locked up for?"

"For havin' to do wi' you."

"And you are free again?"

"Na, Lowrie made a rope oot o' the lining o's coat, an' sent me here to tell you to rin awa' afore ye're ta'en."

"And you are going back?"

"Ay, an' quick. Lowrie will pu' me up."

"Then tell Lowrie I'll ne'er forget him till the day I die. Will ye mind that, laddie?"

"Ay; but ye're to rin awa'."

"Yes, yes; but mind ye tell Lowrie that; and say, too, that he'll be free in the morning. Say I've seen Major Pitcairn, and you will both be free in the morning. Now get ye back quick; and see, here's siller for ye. If I but bide a free man ye'll never want for bite or sup."

They re-entered the vault, and the door closed. "Who telled ye of this contrivance, laddie?"

"Christine."

"You ken the lady too?"

"Ay; I gang errands for her. She gies me cake, an' broth, an' pennies."

"Heaven bless her," said the Sergeant. He opened the door with his key and let the boy pass again into the burial-ground, saying: "Good-night now, and dinna forget my words to Lowrie."

"Na; an' ye'll no forget to rin awa'?" Davie hastened back over the wall and disappeared, and Grier

shut the door. Seating himself once more in the darkness, he said to himself: "Liberty is a fine thing if only for the friends we get from and do to. But the face o' Lady Christine is in my soul. She has given me spiritual broth, and cake, and pence, and with that provand I'll reach to heaven when my time comes."

Dance succeeded dance at the ball and the night wore on. At a side table Lord Denmuir and his lady, Balmeath and Dame Rutherford played a long game of cards with the keenness of age. Pitcairn and Christine had partnered so often that they drew upon themselves the observation which they scarce cared to avoid, and ever and anon Mistress Rutherford nudged the old lord, repeating her remark: "Faith, and they make a bonny pair."

Captain Arklay succeeded in claiming Christine for one dance, and as they stood ready she said, "But I do not know the Whig mode, Captain," and the lack-humour man only answered, "There is no difference." But there was, and when he would fain have stepped another with her, she answered, "I am engaged." A glance brought Pitcairn to her side, and with him she sailed away again on her summer sea of love.

But now the chill morning air crept into the heated rooms, and a general dispersal began. Lord Balmeath came up to claim his daughter. She, heedless of the stealing hours, stood in laughing converse with Pitcairn in a remote corner, with her back to the company.

"Home now, my lass," said her father, and as she turned her face he saw it changed with a gladness that carried its meaning to his heart. "I see you have enjoyed the night. Is it not so?"

"Indeed, father, I have been happy."

"Major Pitcairn," the old man said with stately courtesy, "I have perhaps at times uttered some jibing words of you. To-night I would have them as not said. For your attentions to my daughter I am your obliged debtor. My house is open to you always, but how you can come there, being as we are, I must leave with you to solve."

"My lord, I will solve it."

Balmeath bowed, but Christine offered her hand to Pitcairn, and while he held it all her blood was in her face. They interchanged a low *good-night* and parted.

Dame Rutherford stepped from the throng cloaked and ready. "Where is Arklay?" she asked.

"Under orders, madam; never fear."

"But I do fear; where is he?"

"He dare not disobey."

"You will see to that, Pitcairn?"

"I will see to it," and Major Pitcairn moved away to the door.

Lord Balmeath and his daughter hastened home on foot. Now that her delight was over her mind came back to things of the moment. All the day she had been possessed by strange misgivings. The sound of the colloquy between her father and Captain Arklay had reached her in her room, but the only words she had distinguished were those of her father's denial of Grier's presence in the house.

As they approached their home Lord Balmeath called his daughter's attention to two men lurking in the shadow of a wall on the path opposite to the door. "See, Christine, the spies Arklay puts upon me, doubtless with Pitcairn's connivance. They doubt me still, and would fain trap me."

"Father, Major Pitcairn would never doubt any word of yours. But if you said James Grier was not in the house and it was true in strict fact, was it true in intention?"

"In faith, lass, you grow politic. One cannot even dance with Whigs without contamination. Further intimacy would undo you; I must see to it."

Christine, with a heart nigh to bursting, answered nothing.

"Sir," said Balmeath, laying his hand on his sword as he approached one of the men in shadow, the second having slunk away, "what for do you hang about here at this untimely hour when honest folks are asleep?"

"You are awake," was the insolent reply.

Balmeath's blade rattled in its case, but Christine laid a hand on his arm. "Shall I take words from every skulking fellow that chooses to answer me! Some spy of Pitcairn's, I suppose."

"Yes, sir, I have the honour to serve under Major Pitcairn. To him you must answer for any harm you would do me."

The old lord turned away contemptuously. "I'll answer Pitcairn, and he shall answer me. Come, mistress, you shall soon see the end of your fool's game."

He crossed the road, opened the door, and motioned Christine to enter. For the first time in her life she felt hurt at her father's dealing, and went upstairs to her room with silent dignity. Through the window facing the burial ground she saw the pale moonlight fall on the peaceful graves. As if by one bound she passed into a new world, and a great sentiment of life and sorrow surged through her mind. She sat down and began slowly to remove her gay attire. Abstractedly she felt for the lace of her glove, searching with her fingers as for a familiar thing. Of a sudden she remembered the cause of its absence, and leaning forward on the little table she buried her face in her hands with a loud sob.

Lord Balmeath on entering went

down to the vault where Grier sat in stern patience. "Come, James, we must not be late."

Together they returned to the hall, and the old lord went upstairs to change the light weapon he carried for a heavier and more familiar one. In passing again by his daughter's room he cried: "Christine, I have occasion to go out with Sergeant Grier but will be back soon. You may go to bed. Sleep sound, my lass." Then in company of Grier he issued into the quiet street, and together they proceeded northward up the hill to the place of meeting.

## CHAPTER XII.

CHRISTINE sat for some time unmoving. She imagined that her father, in going out with the Sergeant, was taking some secret step to ensure his escape. Then a strange unrest took possession of her; she began to feel lonely; the silence oppressed her, and these cold gravestones through the window affected her as they never had done before. Taking her candle she went downstairs and through the house to the kitchen to speak with the maid. The sleeping-place was empty; the window was open, and by it stood the chair as it had been left. She beat her thoughts in vain for some explanation. "Rose," she called, and the sound went through the empty house without other response than its own ghostly echo. Then like a flash shot through her memory Captain Arklay's remark about a tryst, and her father's evasive answer to her enquiry about it. She ran upstairs, tied up her hair in a coil, put on the cavalier hat and long cloak she had worn the night before, and girding a sword about her went out into the street. But where to turn she knew not. It must be northward towards the open. She ran wildly by the

wall, and after a little way came upon two men returning to the town. One she recognised as the man her father had challenged opposite to the house.

"Have you seen two persons pass up here?" she asked breathlessly.

"Yes, sir; Lord Balmeath and another." The man was frank for some reason which she connected with her appearance of haste.

"Which way did they take?"

"There's a pretty affair on foot in the East Chapelshade with our Captain. We followed, but are not wanted in that company. If you are, hasten, or you will be late for the death."

Christine flew like a hound from the leash.

"You are generous, crony, with your information," said the second man.

"Ah, I took it in my head that gallant carries a second sword against Arklay, curse him! Good luck to his thrust!"

"If it's the contrary way, friend?"

"Then there's a Jacobite the less; and I like to help on sport."

The Chapelshade was an expanse of meadow and garden-ground crossed by avenues of trees. It had been at one time part of the home-lands of a monastery now long laid low, and the skill and taste of the glebe-loving friars were to be seen in what remained of its plan and arrangement.

When Lord Balmeath and Grier passed into the shadow of the trees the moon had faded, and the chilly air of the coming dawn pierced shrewdly to the bone. They held on in silence, the Sergeant keeping martial pace with his lordship with a sense of security in his scheme, yet unable to repress a guilty feeling of broken faith. But still the thought of Lady Christine's sweet young life sustained him in his resolution. Balmeath's eyes were bent on every opening to right and left, and at last

he said, pointing to a dim-lit plot of grassy meadow: "There is our party, James. Let us take heed to do nothing that is not decorous."

Captain Arklay was attended by one who seemed a mere youth, and together the two were pacing up and down wrapped in their cloaks. On the approach of Balmeath and Grier a mutual salute was exchanged. "Gentlemen," said his lordship, "I approve your promptitude. Let us to business."

"My lord," said Arklay, "I make a last appeal. I pass over the injury you put upon me by bringing this man to second you, and I say freely that I am not desirous of drawing on one of your years. Your lordship has provoked this meeting; one word from you now will make further strife unnecessary."

"In faith, sir, what word from me? You misunderstand the matter strangely. The hurt lies on me. As for Sergeant Grier, he is a worthy man and wants but birth to be a better gentleman than some that have it. Come, sir." He drew and took position, while a low colloquy ensued between Arklay and his second.

Grier was becoming alarmed at the absence of Major Pitcairn. Time had to be gained. "Gentlemen," he said, "to fight in this light would be a crime. The sun will shortly be up; wait for the day. Death here would mean murder."

"Sergeant," said Balmeath, who grew heated at the conversation between Arklay and his second, conceiving it to have reference to his age and presumed incapacity, "Sergeant, you overpass your authority. Sir, your guard," he cried in a tone of taunt to Arklay.

The Captain drew, and the swords encountered with a deadly echoing tinkle. Grier watched with half-drawn blade, determined to interpose

in case of manifest danger to Balmeath, but otherwise irresolute how to proceed. Further interference by word he knew would be met with instant and peremptory dismissal from his lordship; and still Pitcairn delayed. The first cautious approaches over, the fence was becoming animated. Thrust and parry succeeded in the strictest manner of the schools, without manifest advantage to either party. Balmeath thought he discovered in his opponent a stiff, sure, but unimaginative swordsman, while the Captain became quickly aware that his utmost skill would be required to ward off harm from one who wielded so subtle and confident a weapon as the old man before him. Grier, watching with practised eye, began to feel assured that his lordship for the time held the upper hand, but was fearful of what might happen if he grew impatient or wearied. Even then Balmeath began to ply Arklay with increasing assurance, and at the culmination of an involved and rapid assault made a swift lunge, from which the Captain fairly leaped back without attempt at defence or reprisal.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," cried the Sergeant passionately, "I say again this is murder. Sir," he said to the Captain's supporter, "I wonder you stand to see it." The young man, unpractised in such affairs, flushed but said nothing. "Gentlemen, if you must pursue this, come further west where there is more light, and you can see each other's point."

Balmeath, scarce relaxing his ominous frown, said: "You are right, Sergeant, as to the light. Change ground, sir."

They passed some ten paces further into the open.

"What is it you fight about, gentlemen?" continued Grier. "Here am I ready to——"

"Silence!" thundered the old lord,

with an impassioned flourish of his sword. And Grier thought he wore upon his face the fey look of those who hold a resolved course to death.

Again the swords were crossed, and under the growing light of the morning the struggle quickly became keen and deadly. Conscious now by stern proof that he had opposed to him a trained and unrelenting proficient, Arklay was forced to lay aside every feeling of hesitancy, and all his attention was required to ward off the eager ever-varying thrusts that searched his guard at every point. Grier, in an agony of apprehension, his eyes perforce riveted on the sway of the strife, listened for the sounds of coming footsteps, but all he heard was the keen click and whistle of the steels. He cursed the perfidy or dilatoriness of Major Pitcairn, and stood meditating some final and desperate interference.

Suddenly at a point when the heat and urgency of the fence seemed to bespeak a quick result, an exclamation was heard, and from behind Captain Arklay rushed the cloaked figure of Lady Christine. She wore the sweeping hat of the night before, and in her hand carried a naked rapier. Startled by the sight of his daughter in this guise, Balmeath's eye wandered for an instant as he was parrying, and Arklay's point, but half-diverted from its aim, passed through the flesh of his forearm. The Captain was aware something had happened to his opponent, but he had no time to speak or think, for, turning swiftly round, the lady struck up his sword as he withdrew it, and with a moment's pause to enable him to resume his guard, attacked him. So ardent was her onslaught that neither Grier nor her father could interfere, and Arklay had much to do to settle down into his defence. He saw before him the figure of the horseman, but

there was about the smooth oval face and great eyes something so strange and dauntless that his thoughts were mere confusion, while all about him played the thrusts of a deadly point. He felt, however, that its object was not his death, for twice in the rapid passage he recognised himself spared. He gave ground uneasily; his wrist involuntarily slackened, when in a moment his opponent, with a superb upward arch of the forearm, involved her point with his hilt, and he felt the weapon wrested from his grasp. It went spinning through the air, and fell point downwards into the earth, where it stuck quivering. With a beautiful gesture she advanced her point against him, arrested it, and disdainfully turned her back, stepping to her father's side just as Major Pitcairn hurried breathless into the circle. Lord Balmeath, looking pale and broken, gazed steadily before him as if at nothing, and in silence.

Pitcairn glanced over the group, seeking for some clue to the significance of what he saw before him. There was no word or motion, save the salute of Arklay and his second. Lady Christine stood motionless by her father with averted face, somewhat careless now as to her disguise. But had it been more complete it would still have failed to deceive the amazed eyes of Major Pitcairn. At a loss how to proceed he fell back on his professional authority. "Sir," he said to Arklay, "consider yourself under arrest."

"At your pleasure, Major. You may bandy my honour with fictitious duty as you will; but here you have before you [pointing to Grier] the man who assaulted me, and there [indicating the cavalier figure in the long cloak] the gentleman who rode the horse. You are my superior officer, and I do not presume to in-

dicate your duty." He laid a malicious emphasis on the last word.

Major Pitcairn's reply to this taunt was to gaze steadily at Arklay for some moments in silence. There was contempt on his face, and in his air a power and authority of more effect than words. Renowned for his courtesy and simple manners, he was known also as a most resolute soldier and a deadly swordsman. His blandness, however, too often gave occasion for a weaker man to forget the sterner side of his nature.

"Captain Arklay," he said, "you are a zealous officer; you want but generosity to be a good soldier. You may, when under arrest, safely taunt your superior; but, sir, against tomorrow when I shall be free I would bid you beware of how you seek to touch, by word or act, the honour of Alexander Pitcairn."

"Sir," said Balmeath in a low voice, "fate is against us; but we thank heaven that against our fall it provides some courtesy and decorum. This, Major Pitcairn, is my daughter——"

"And here," said Grier stepping forward, "am I at your orders. I am the only culprit. It was I bound this gentleman and did the secret office I was on. This gallant,—this lady—comes into the affair by mere accident. I am the man you want; take me."

"Grier," said Balmeath, "you must not——"

"Silence," cried the Sergeant imperiously, then in a milder voice proceeded: "Pardon, your lordship. This is my affair; I cannot abuse your protection longer. I have brought too much on you already. Lead me away, sir," he said to Pitcairn; "I am the man. The rest is all an accident."

Lady Christine removed her hat and threw aside the long cloak that concealed her woman's dress. She

whispered to her father who nodded in assent. "Major Pitcairn," she said, but she dared not lift her eyes. At her first motion he and the youth beside the Captain instantaneously uncovered; Arklay followed unreadily. "What Sergeant Grier says is not true. It is I whom you seek. His presence was the accident, although in his generosity he would persuade you otherwise. I am in your power, but I hope you will not take me from my father."

Lord Balmeath stood there pale and stern as she again turned to him. He made a motion with his left hand, tried to speak, and suddenly fell to the ground.

When after a moment's examination they found by the blood-stained hand and sleeve that he was wounded, the grief of Christine was piteous to see. "Father, father! Ah me, it was I did this! I came between them. Save him, Mr. Grier, see to him!"

Major Pitcairn and Grier bound up the jagged gash, and some brandy from the Sergeant's flask revived the old man, who in his pride would have risen, but for Grier's persuasion: "No, my lord, lie still for a little."

"Oh, Mr. Grier, he is not dead, he will not die? Come, let us carry him home. Sir," she said to Pitcairn, "you will find us at home when you wish. We will go together. You will not take me from him?" she added with sudden imploration.

"No, Christine," he answered in a low voice, "I will not take you from him,—not that way." He turned to Arklay. "I remove the arrest, Captain Arklay. Deal with your prisoners; I do not interfere. This lady was to have been my wife. If you proceed in the matter you can do me no better service than to send me along with them."

The Captain was at a loss. He had been rudely assaulted, outwitted,

disarmed, overborne, and here by strange fortune was the mastery laid in his power. To one like him, whom no spontaneous generosity came to aid yet who felt bound by the code of his class to act as a gentleman, the situation was awkward. He paused, and the youth who up till now had seconded him silently, burst out with indignation in his voice: "Major, this must go no further."

Pitcairn bowed; and Grier, turning from his offices to the wounded man said: "Young sir, I doff to you with much *devoir*. You have a soul; and if, as I guess, you are an officer and the law must have toll, persuade your Captain to take me. Trust me to make his credit ring again. His tale-bearing trooper shall be duly promoted, and my lord's French serving-maid come famously into the story."

A look of wrath and humiliation came over Arklay's face; then in a low voice he said, "Major, the affair rests with you," and turning left the place. Grier stepped to where the rapier stood hilt upwards in the earth, and withdrew it. With a flourish he said, "I would not barter this for a wide estate." The young officer hesitated; "Can I be of service, sir?" he said to Pitcairn. "Yes; we must bear him home," answered the Major.

At first Balmeath insisted on walking. "Leave me, gentlemen; misfortune comes to all who show kindness to Balmeath." But he faltered, and would have fallen. They carried him, Lady Christine at his head, to the House by the Howff, and there Grier explained the absence of the maid. Old Elspeth was speedily summoned, and also a surgeon, who did his office well but shook his head.

Lord Balmeath fell into a fever, and for a week Lady Christine and

Grier watched him by turns. Every day Pitcairn and the young Lieutenant called to make enquiries as to his progress. On the seventh they were asked to enter. Propped high on a pillow, with death in his eye, lay Lord Balmeath in his bed.

"Pitcairn," he said, "I know you will say the simple truth. I am beyond the grasp of any power but God's; but how does it stand as affects my daughter?"

"Nothing will be done, my lord."

"I am leaving her alone, Pitcairn; but she and I have spoken together concerning you. Have you anything to say?"

"My lord, I am unworthy of her, I know; but if she has not gone back on her troth, as is impossible, she will find me a true husband and an eternal lover."

"Go take his hand, Christine." The old man laid his hand upon the clasp of theirs, and seemed as if he would say something, but the effort died away, and he lay back breathing faintly.

In the evening Lord Balmeath died, and some days later was borne to his estate, where by Pitcairn's influence permission was obtained for the family

vault to be opened for the reception of his remains.

Pitcairn retired to his lands in Fife, and Lady Christine took up her abode with Lord Denmuir. After a year Pitcairn and she were wedded, and when they departed old Elspeth said in the lady's ear: "May a' your bairns be Christines an' Pitcairns. It's an auld wife's rhyme. Farewell, God speed ye. Now will I dee a peacefu' death."

The best farm on Pitcairn's estate was held by James Grier, and over his fireplace hung while he lived the sword which he took from the ground in the Chapelshade. Captain Arklay was removed shortly with his troop to Edinburgh, and with its baggage went Rose the French maid. As for the House by the Howff it fell into neglect. Tinkers and vagrants made their quarters there, and one day it took fire. Its north wall fell asunder on the burial-vault, and to-day not a stone remains to show where either stood.

With the general amnesty Lady Christine in due time entered on possession of her paternal estates, and her pride in her children added a new lustre to the love she bore her husband.

THE END.

THE LESSER ELIZABETHAN LYRISTS.<sup>1</sup>

LYRICS are in a sense the most interesting things in poetry. They are like an artist's sketches, which bring one nearer to him than his finished work; and it seems so natural for every poet to express his personal feelings in this form that it is hard to realise a period of literature when the lyric did not exist. Yet in all great original literature lyrical poetry develops after narrative poetry has begun to decline, and before drama has emerged. So it was in Greece, so it was in England. Chaucer was dead half a century before Dunbar, Henryson, and others brought French models into Scotland; and in England the poetical renaissance came somewhat later, and came from the fountain-head of Italy. The two men who introduced lyrical poetry into England were Sir Thomas Wyatt and Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey. Both were conspicuous figures at the court of Henry the Eighth and distinguished in the tilting-yard as well as by their poetry. Their high position enabled them to set the fashion in this matter, and for a century and more, up to the wars of the Commonwealth, verse-writing was a favourite accomplishment of the nobles. The list of fine gentleman poets includes, besides Wyatt and Surrey, Lord Vaux, whose work was published with theirs, Sackville, author of *THE MIRROR FOR MAGIS-*

*TRATES*, Sir Walter Raleigh, Lord Oxford, who challenged Sidney to a duel, Sidney himself, Edward Dyer, known now as a poet by the single line "My mind to me a kingdom is," Fulke Greville, Lord Brook who wrote for his epitaph, "Servant to Queen Elizabeth, Counsellor to King James, and Friend to Sir Philip Sidney." Last, not least, whether as poet or courtier, was the great Earl of Essex. In a later day came Sir Henry Wotton, the diplomatist, and the famous group of cavaliers, Suckling, Cleveland, Carew, Montrose, and above all, Lovelace, the handsomest man in the army, who wrote to his lady-love two of the most perfect songs in the world, and was jilted for his pains.

The work of Wyatt and Surrey circulated during their lives in manuscript, and was first published in Tottel's *MISCELLANY OF SONGS AND SONNETS*, printed in 1557. This book went through nine editions in thirty years, and Master Shallow, as we know, owned a copy. Wyatt and Surrey died young, but they had done a great work. Surrey's is the more facile verse, Wyatt's the deeper strain of feeling; yet, when all is said and done, they were only pioneers; although they afford passages of a simple and genuine poetry, their work is the work of men feeling their way and experimenting. Forty years later lyrical poetry was firmly established, and from 1579, when *THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR* was published, we are in the great Elizabethan period. Before Shakespeare the writers fall into two schools, between whom the division was sharply marked, for it was social.

<sup>1</sup> 1. *ENGLAND'S HELICON*; edited by A. H. Bullen. London, 1887.

2. *LYRICS FROM THE DRAMATISTS OF THE ELIZABETHAN AGE*; edited by A. H. Bullen. London, 1891.

3. *LYRICS FROM THE SONG-BOOKS OF THE ELIZABETHAN AGE*; edited by A. H. Bullen. London, 1891.

The first was the school of the courtly makers, which culminated in *THE FAERY QUEEN*, that last and greatest of medieval allegories, the swan-song of chivalry, and the supreme expression of the cult of Queen Elizabeth; the work of the second school was the work of hack-writers, disreputable dramatists, and needy players, who in poverty, contempt, and outlawry brought modern poetry obscurely to the birth. The contrast of these schools proves one thing clearly; that the man who writes most will probably write best, and certainly that the man who writes for his living will write with more vitality than the distinguished amateur. The poet of the coteries may be a true poet, but not the supreme poet. Spenser is the sublime of a poet of the coteries, but the poet of a nation may be Shakespeare. Roughly speaking the poetry that will last is the poetry that pays; Milton is the chief instance to the contrary, but he was an unpopular outlaw when he published *PARADISE LOST*. Shelley and Keats never lived to see their battle won. Great poets, poets who really touch and stir mankind, are not so common that mankind can afford to neglect them for long; and mankind gives them bread and it may be a little butter. But the poet of the coterie can seldom find an audience large enough or warm enough to keep him in existence; and Spenser with all his fame and influence, found out for himself this bitter truth. Shakespeare made a modest fortune; but stern necessity had taught him the art to make out of so subtle a study as *HAMLET* the most popular stage-play in English. To get money out of people's pockets by poetry, you must be in touch with life, and that is what the poet of the coterie is not.

Of the two schools, the courtiers undoubtedly had, man for man, the better brains; but the curse of the

amateur was on them all; they wanted the certainty that comes of long practice, and they departed from the simplicity of nature. The noblest of them all, and the most splendid instance of the amateur in poetry, was Sir Philip Sidney.

He was born in 1554, and he died in 1586. His experiences of the world opened when he was nineteen with the sight of the massacre of Saint Bartholomew in Paris, which he beheld from the house of the English Ambassador. This gave a purpose to his life, and thenceforward he was a steady champion of Protestantism. From France he went to Germany, and there contracted a close intimacy with Hubert Languet, Melancthon's convert, one of the leading reformers, with whom he maintained a remarkable correspondence which still survives. Continuing the grand tour, as was then the custom, Sidney spent eight months in Italy, where his portrait was painted by Paul Veronese. After three years of travel, pregnant with experience, he returned and entered politics, which had been the occupation of all about him since his boyhood. His father, Sir Henry Sidney, was thrice Lord-Deputy of Ireland. Before Philip was thirty, William the Silent, no mean authority and no waster of words, wrote to congratulate Elizabeth in possessing in him one of the foremost statesmen in Europe. While still a plain gentleman of England, he was proposed as a candidate for the Elective Crown of Poland; and when he died at thirty-two, more famous even in his death than in his life, the nation went into mourning for him as though he had been a Prince of the Blood.

As a literary man he was of the coterie which centred round a little critic, Gabriel Harvey, whose mission was to Latinise English literature, and a great poet, Edmund Spenser, Har-

vey's friend. Raleigh, too, was of their number; but Fulke Greville and Edward Dyer were Sidney's closest friends; they were, as they called themselves, a happy Trinity.

Sidney wrote a good deal, including some English hexameters to please Harvey; but his fame as a poet rests on the series of songs and sonnets known as *ASTROPHEL AND STELLA*, which, as everybody knows, is the record of a love-tragedy. The history is briefly this: Sidney was affianced to Penelope Devereux, daughter of the Earl of Essex, whom he saw first in 1575, during the famous revels at Kenilworth. She was then only thirteen, but engagements were made early in those days. However, marriage would, presumably, not have been possible before 1578, when Lady Penelope (Stella) was sixteen. Now at this time Sidney was very busy with politics and by no means rich; but his prospects were good, as he was heir presumptive to the favourite, Leicester. In this year, however, Leicester was married again to Stella's mother; and Sidney, with a prudence he afterwards bitterly regretted, indefinitely postponed his own marriage. In 1579 Sidney's prospects were ruined by the birth of an heir to Leicester; and further, he had the misfortune and the boldness to offend the Queen by writing a memorial against the French marriage then in prospect. He was forced to retire to Wilton, the lovely home of his sister, Lady Pembroke. During his absence from Court, a match of convenience was made and carried out in the peremptory Elizabethan way for Stella, and early in 1581 he learned that his betrothed was wedded to Lord Rich, a stupid and profligate nobleman.

It is easy to understand what followed. Sidney's engagement, originally one of convenience, had grown into an attachment, but his pru-

dence had deterred him from marrying on expectations, and politics had probably put love-making out of his head. Then followed disappointment, rebuffs at Court, and the long absence from Stella; and finally, the sudden news that whatever consolation he might have proposed to himself in marriage was snatched from him. His feelings vented themselves in the passionate dirge:

Ring out, ye bells, let mourning shows  
be spread,  
For love is dead.

But he returned to Court, and there had abundant opportunities of meeting Stella, whose husband he disliked and despised. So began the story chronicled in the last seventy of these songs and sonnets. It is a story of passion, and of unlawful passion; but it has the one character which redeems unlawful passion as a subject for art,—it describes the baser passion acting upon a noble nature. The steady and uniform process of corruption which half the French novels of this century describe is not varied enough to be dramatic; who wants to know how a character rots? But when there is present a force capable of offering resistance to the poison, then you have a struggle and a drama,—the drama of passion.

Sidney's tale opens with the wooing; gradually the knowledge dawns that his love is answered; to certainty succeeds acknowledgement on both sides, and Platonic talk of beauty that is virtue.

But ah! desire still cries, "Give me some food."

To a kiss stolen from Stella sleeping succeed kisses returned; then comes a nightly scene of Love and Duty, the counterpart of Tennyson's, but here it is the woman who is strong. Angry

reproaches follow, and lastly another scene, not this time by night but

In a grove, most rich of shade,  
Where birds wanton music made.

But the conclusion is the same :

Tyran honour doth thus use thee,  
Stella's self might not refuse thee.

Therefore, dear, this no more move,  
Lest, though I leave not thy love,  
Which too deep in me is framed,  
I should blush when thou art named.

Therewithal, away she went,  
Leaving him so passion-rent,  
With what she had done and spoken,  
That therewith my song is broken,

That is the dramatic end ; but this is a history, and in life one cannot drop the curtain. So Sidney's passion sadly spends itself in hopes and fears and memories, while his brain is

So dark with misty vapours which arise  
From out Grief's heavy mould, that in-  
bent eyes  
Can scarce discern the shape of mine  
own pain.

Lastly comes the gradual return to the old preoccupation ; Stella shall still be right princess of his powers, but he prays her :

Sweet, for a while give respite to my  
heart,  
Which pants as tho' it still should leap  
to thee ;  
And on my thoughts give thy lieu-  
tenancy  
To this great cause, which needs both  
use and art.

Oh, let not fools in me thy works reprove,  
And, scorning, say : " See what it is to  
love ! "

Years later, Lady Rich, worn out by her husband's ill usage, deceived and left him. It may have been the inevitable result of many years' weariness ; but one prefers to think that, had Sidney been the lover, the re-

action of his character on hers would still have raised and not lowered her. It is so much easier for a woman to resist a good man than a bad one.

The interest then is in the story, the cumulative effect of these sonnets. Singly they are interesting, written, as he sings, on the highway his "chief Parnassus," tempered to the tramping of his horse's feet "more oft than to a chamber melody ;" telling, sure sign of love, of all his ways and works ; for passionate love colours a man's whole life, and is coloured by it. Frigid sonneteers tell you eternal things about their mistress's eyebrow. That is not passion ; passion is egotistic, and paints itself. So we hear of Sidney's politics in the questions men ask of him—questions which

I, cumbered with good manners, answer  
do,  
But know not how ; for still I think of  
you.

We hear how he has won the prize in a tournament over the English champions and "some sent from that sweet enemy France ;" of his namesake, Philip, Stella's sparrow, and a hundred other pretty trifles. The ease of the verse is apparent ; indeed all through the sonnets it is too easy. Yet what strikes one most, in the sense, perhaps, is the occasional felicity of phrase in lines like

Wise silence is best music unto bliss ;

or in the first sonnet, where he describes his efforts, racking his brains, to write a verse acceptable to his lady :

" Fool ! " said the muse, " look in thy  
heart and write."

Yet the truth is that a flashing phrase here and there will not make great poetry. Collectively, *ASTROPHEL AND STELLA* is great poetry ; but that is

rather because it is the history of so rare a nature. Singly, no poem of Sidney's reaches perfection; the best of them will still be marred by a line that wants weight, or an awkward phrase, or an ill-chosen metre, or a certain thinness of texture throughout. They are in salient contrast to Shakespeare's sonnets, a terrible contrast. It would be hard to say whether in Shakespeare's lines there is more passion or more poetry; there is more of either, in any case, than literature can elsewhere show in equal space. There are single sonnets that have compressed into them more poetic thought and more beauty of phrase than the whole of Sidney's verses. But it is a bitter story that hides itself, ashamed to be seen. Here the poems gain all by being read singly; in Sidney they lose all.

Still, in praising Sidney's character, it must be admitted that this is his chief charm as a poet. His story interests, and he is by nature a poet; but the poet must be made as well as born, and Sidney never subjected himself to the necessary self-criticism. He has the faults of his time, the conceits and the rest, though no more in this respect than Shakespeare; but he has also the faults of the amateur. The sonnet shows him at his best where the form itself imposes a constraint; his more purely lyrical work,—his songs for instance—are faulty.

There lived also in Sidney's days,—as great a contrast to that gallant gentleman as you can imagine—a man whose existence Sidney would scarcely have stooped to recognise, and yet who, as an artist in verse, is incomparably above the more poetic character. There was no poetry about Robert Greene's life, nothing but squalor and base shiftiness. He was born about 1550 in Norwich; went in course of time to Cambridge, and there, he says, "I lit among wags as lewd as myself,

who drew me to travel in Italy and Spain, in which places I saw and practised such villainy as is abominable to describe." He became, as the proverb went, an Englishman-Italianate before he returned home to Norwich. Then by some accounts he took orders; but we may give him the benefit of the doubt. One day, however, in Norwich Cathedral a sermon affected him powerfully, and he was for a time induced to contemplate reform; but the good motion lasted in him only till he met with certain of his comrades, who mocked at him for a Puritan, and restored him to his old habit of life. However, at this time,—whether in pursuance of his intent to reform or not—he married a virtuous woman, and had a child by her; but when her dowry was spent, he deserted both mother and child. He went to London, where his decent acquaintances at first helped him; but, as he says, "though I knew how to get a friend, yet had I not the gift or reason to keep a friend"; and very soon, when he could find no one to sponge upon, he was forced to live by his wits. Happily for him, they were of the wittiest. Soon he was "famoused for an arch play-making poet, yet his purse ebbed and swelled like the sea; but seldom he wanted, his labours were so well esteemed." They were not labours of love. "He made no account of winning credit by his works; his only care was to have in his purse a spell to conjure up a cup of good wine with at all times." That was how Nash, one of his intimates, wrote of him. Nash was, like Greene, a Cambridge man, a witty, bitter little pamphleteer, a journalist born out of due time, yet a poet, too, by flashes.

George Peele, another University man, was of the same group of Bohemians; better than Greene as a writer of plays, but inferior in lyric

gift. Thomas Lodge, a third yokefellow in iniquity, wrote plays, satires, prose, romance, and two of the most beautiful Elizabethan lyrics. Last, and incomparably the greatest of the group, was Marlowe, of whom nothing need now be said. More disreputable men than these five were not to be found in all London. Villon would have been welcomed as a brother among them. They were drunken, debauched and wild in their talk, fearing neither God nor man. Nash was the least gifted of them and the least Bohemian; indeed, he subsequently resented strongly the charge of intimacy. Marlowe, a fiercer spirit, shocked the world more by his atheistical talk than Green and Peele by their base life and cozening shifts.

Greene's mistress, by whom he had a son, named in irony Fortunatus Greene, was sister to a chief among the thieves and footpads of London, destined to end on the gallows; and Greene, in a fit of repentance, as he said, or urged by the craving for copy, wrote a history of Coney Catching, or ways of cozenage. He was himself a big, jovial animal, with hair worn long, and, as Nash says, "a jolly long red peak, like the spire of a steeple, he cherished continually without cutting, whereat a man might hang his jewel, it was so sharp and pendant." But his way of living could not last; disease came on, and with disease the man's hysterical nature took a religious turn. Greene had the sort of temperament which in these days finds its natural refuge in the Salvation Army. He published *THE REPENTANCE OF ROBERT GREENE*, describing his life; and on his death-bed, as most people know, he produced the tract called *GREENE'S GROATSWORTH OF WIT BOUGHT WITH A MILLION OF REPENTANCE*, in which occurs the well-known attack on Shakespeare.

The manner of Greene's death is

curious indeed, and affecting. A surfeit of hock and herrings was his fate. He retired to his lodging with a poor shoemaker's widow, and there, tended only by her charity and the affection of poor Fortunatus's mother, he made a miserable end. His good landlady buried him, as she had housed him, at her own expense, and with touching veneration laid a laurel-wreath upon his grave. Gabriel Harvey was engaged in an unseemly controversy with this band of Bohemians, and after Greene's death he made a most discreditable attack upon the dead man's memory; but he has thereby preserved, though in no kindly spirit, this pathetic letter from Greene to his deserted wife. He had given his host a bond for £10. He wrote: "Doll,—I charge thee, by the love of our youth, and by my soul's rest, that thou wilt see this man paid; for if he and his wife had not succoured me, I should have died in the streets." There is also a posthumous letter of his published with the *GROATSWORTH OF WIT*, in which, after drawing a terrible picture of his own sins and their punishment, he commends to his wife's care his illegitimate son. No man could give stronger testimony to his belief in the virtue of a virtuous woman than did this poor reprobate in these letters.

That is enough, and more than enough, of a chronicle. But it is interesting to see what this unwashed mercenary scribbler, this ruffianly Greene had to say:

Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content,—

The quiet mind is richer than a crown;  
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent,—

The poor estate scorns fortune's angry frown:

Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,

Beggars enjoy while princes oft do miss.

The verse is perfect in style; its

quiet metre suits the quiet subject. But why did Greene write this sort of thing? It is almost a commonplace of Elizabethan poetry, this theme of pastoral felicity, the favourite topic of the poets in that restless age. The men who liked that sort of poetry were the men who helped Drake and Hawkins. Their adventurous, roving existence found its solace in dreams of quiet, their aspiration after *El Dorado* its complement in sweet content. Nowadays in this level-running life of ours, of many words and few blows, imaginative writers turn back to the Homeric days, to the heroes of the ballad and the saga, and write of what they call simple human passion, of big bones and heavy strokes. Our ideal of mental simplicity is the Homeric chieftain; for the Elizabethans it was the shepherd. In this way every age has two ideals: its true ideal, the ideal of fulfilment, the sum of its hopes and aspirations, hardly seen or grasped by itself as a totality; and its false ideal, the ideal of contrast, the desire for what is not. Shakespeare deals little in pastoralisms. He gives us rather "the very form and pressure" of his time; yet sometimes he too turns from vivid experience and the bustle of his world to rest his thoughts upon pastoral repose; as we, from out our drab-coloured existence, look longingly Eastward, it may be with Kipling, or Westward with Bret Harte, for life and colour.

No one rendered with more truth the ideal of repose than this ruffianly Greene. Nothing could be less ruffianly than his verse. Like many artists, he lived two lives, the actual and the ideal. His body dwelt among slatternly women; his mind conversed with goddesses. He had been in Italy, when Titian was not yet dead and Tintoret was painting; he was Italianate for good as well as for evil, and he

saw things like a Venetian painter. Listen to this:

With that appeared an object twice as bright,  
So gorgeous as my senses all were damp;  
In *Ida* richer beauty did not win  
When lovely *Venus* showed her silver skin.  
Her pace was like to *Juno's* pompous strains  
Whenas she sweeps through heaven's brass-paved way;  
Her front was powdered through with azure veins  
That 'twixt sweet roses and fair lilies lay.

Or to this again:

Her cheeks, like ripened lilies steeped in wine,  
Or fair pomegranate kernels washed in milk,  
Or snow-white threads in nets of crimson silk,  
Or gorgeous clouds upon the sun's decline.

These things are in the grand style, and they show Greene in his most characteristic aspect, as the artist in words. Here is a still finer passage, with its ascending climax, to which the movement of the verse leads up:

Ah! were she pitiful as she is fair,  
Or but as mild as she is seeming so,  
Then were my hopes greater than my despair,  
Then all the world were heaven, nothing woe.

Ah! when she sings, all music else be still,  
For none must be compared to her note;

Ne'er breathed such glee from *Philomela's* bill,  
Nor from the morning singer's swelling throat.

Ah! when she rises from her blissful bed  
She comforts all the world, as doth the sun;

And at her sight the night's foul vapours fled;

When she is set, the gladsome day is done.

O glorious sun! imagine me the West,  
Shine in my arms, and set thou in my breast.

It is a conceit, but a conceit transfigured and glorified by imagination. Sidney would have left it cold and lifeless. In a very different strain is Sappho's song to her child with its burden :

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my  
knee,  
When thou art old, there's grief enough  
for thee.

The pathos of this song, perfectly natural and unforced, constrains one almost to ask, if this man lived two such lives, which was the real Greene ? At all events, the authorship of these exquisitely tender and pathetic verses is morally speaking the most creditable thing known about Greene.

But is it not a strange thing that a man so unpoetic in his ways of life should have left us so much perfect poetry, while Sidney, who was himself (in Milton's fine phrase) a true poem, has been so far less successful ? It is not that Sidney had less aptitude than Greene, but that he had less practice. Greene was incessantly writing,—plays, pamphlets, novels, and the rest,—and he attained to a style. Sidney's defect is the lack of a sustained style ; style is Greene's merit.

What is said of Greene's work applies to that of his fellows ; what is said of Sidney applies not only to the amateurs of his day but even to Lovelace and Suckling. Exquisite as their work could be, it was only good by flashes.

But perhaps the most extraordinary feature of the Elizabethan literature is the abundance of unclaimed verse, which is in lyric quality equal to any but the very highest excellence. Tottel's Miscellany was only the first of a string of collections, of which the most famous and popular was *ENGLAND'S HELICON*. All the known poets contributed to these, but many

also who are unknown. In addition to these, there were innumerable song-books published with music, and since in those days, when music was not understood or appreciated, people took some thought what they sang, these song-books are full of the same lyrical vein. Whether the author of the music was also author of the verse is a moot point. The history of these minor Elizabethan poems has been curious : forgotten in the stress of the Civil War, they slept till within the last twenty years the increased study of our literature brought them into notice ; and mainly through the taste and energy of Mr. A. H. Bullen they have been printed and sold with great success. Even his selection of lyrics from the Elizabethan Dramatists is hardly more charming a volume than his *Anthology from the Song-Books* of which a second edition has just appeared. Indeed it is not we only who should be grateful for these delightful books. Take, for instance, the poet Campion, a musician as well ; probably thirty years ago not thirty men in England knew his name. In the first edition of *THE GOLDEN TREASURY* he was unrepresented ; in the latest you will find ten of his poems. What retribution will the shade of Campion make to Mr. Bullen ?

Thou hast bestowed on me a second life ;  
For this I live thy creature.

But Campion is only one of many : William Byrd, Robert Jones, Rossiter, and Dowland, "whose heavenly touch upon the lute doth ravish every sense ;" above all, Richard Barnefield. In 1599 was published *THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM*, which was attributed to Shakespeare. But in those days publishers were not nice in their principles, and two poems in the collection are Barnefield's.

One of them is the famous ode beginning "As it fell upon a day," and perhaps few lines in Shakespeare are better known than,

King Pandion, he is dead;  
All thy friends are lapped in lead;  
All thy fellow-birds do sing,  
Careless of thy sorrowing.

Yet fifty years ago Barnefield was a forgotten name; his ewe-lamb had gone to swell Shakespeare's teeming flocks. And it is so throughout; here and there modern scholarship and research has succeeded in identifying the authors of anonymous or wrongly attributed poems: here and there it has even discovered for the curious a few details in the lives of these forgotten men. But in many, in too many cases the name and fame of the authors has passed out of the world with the joy they had in writing; only these songs smell sweet and blossom over their graves. And that raises a curious question; which is the highest fame, that a man's work should survive him or his reputation? Akenside, for example, is a respectable and an amiable name, nor likely to be forgotten, at least while competitive examinations keep his memory green. But were all Akenside's works by some strange and far-reaching accident to perish to-night, it is doubtful if to-morrow you could restore ten lines of them by oral tradition. Yet you shall find some little poem, out of ENGLAND'S HELICON, fresh as the day it was written and treasured in a hundred memories, though it bears no name to it, or else some fanciful

name, the Shepherd Tony, or the like.

Suppose Fate to say to the writer of such a poem: "Three hundred years after your death, men shall still love and prize the things you write, perhaps in some careless moment of a summer's evening; but they will care for them and not for you; not even a syllable of your name shall linger in their recollections,"—what of this? It is not fame,—it cannot be where no man is famous; but it approaches, in a mortal's apprehension, very close indeed to immortality. And even of the other men, who have left us their contributions to this gathered store of song, though not nameless, yet their position in literary history, as they stand but half rescued from oblivion, seems to us in a manner pathetic. They have not, it is true, left behind them a great name blazoned across a long roll of superb achievements in verse; nor does even a trace of their lives survive, as Greene's does, caught, like flies in amber, among the records of a famous history. They have bequeathed to us nothing practically but their writings, and of these how small a portion it is easy to conjecture. Yet it is no trifling heritage; for among all these Elizabethan songs, from the greatest to the least, where the note is purely lyrical, there is the same bird-like freshness, the same easy tuneful utterance, telling of youth and love and of the spring; ditties and strains that linger in quiet corners of the brain and haunt the mind with restful images.

STEPHEN GWYNN.

## SLAVERY IN WEST CENTRAL AFRICA.

THE recent successful operations on the Niger, undertaken avowedly to crush the two slave-raiding Mahomedan Emirs of Nupé and Ilorin, and the proclamations of Sir George Goldie, by which in the territory south of the Middle Niger and on the banks of the Lower Niger the status of slavery has been abolished, have once more brought before the public the vital question of the suppression of the slave-trade in Africa. The trade, as carried on in different parts of Africa, varies considerably, and the methods of checking it in one part are consequently not altogether applicable to another. Still, throughout the slave-zone the main features of the trade are the same; it is carried on almost entirely by Mahomedans, be they called Arabs or Fulahs, for the purpose of supplying a demand, which, in spite of all our endeavours, appears to increase rather than to diminish. This demand is either external or internal. With regard to the former, every effort is being made by our East African Squadron to stop the export of slaves, yet Turkey, Persia, and other Mahomedan countries are still, by some means or other, well supplied with Africans. We may, however, consider that virtually the external trade is on the wane, and the matter of slavery and the slave-trade is confined to Africa itself.

Sir John Kirk, than whom no Englishman knows more about Africa, thus summed up the situation, at the Geographical Congress of 1895:—

Tropical Africa has, in the history of the world, been a lost continent, owing to the misrule which has pervaded it. From time immemorial the Africans have been

carried off as slaves, to be used in developing the resources of other countries; for slavery is no new thing, and the traffic is one of the earliest historical facts of which we have any record. The over-sea export has now been practically suppressed, and it remains for the European nations to eradicate the internal slave trade, and the misrule and barbarities exercised by the dominant tribes, and to teach the African to labour for the development of his own, as he has hitherto worked for that of other countries.

The task has now been transferred to the interior of the continent itself, and it has devolved upon those nations who have taken part in its territorial division. Upon them must fall the initial cost of this magnificent enterprise; nor is it to be disguised that the task in its earlier stages will be costly both in men and means, though the ultimate gain will, I firmly believe, be more than commensurate with the initial expense.

That portion of the country now under discussion is the Central and Western Soudan (known also by the more modern names of Nigeria and Hausaland) comprising those Mahomedan States of the great Fula Empire which stretch from Sokoto to Lake Chad, and which lie to the north of the Middle Niger and Benué rivers. Probably in no part of Africa does slavery exist to a greater extent than here, and we have it on the authority of recent travellers that at Kano, the principal Hausa town, the slaves number four-fifths of the population. In every town of any size there is a public slave-market, and to supply these markets gives occupation to almost every male Mahomedan; moreover, the greater portion of the annual tribute payable by the smaller States to their suzerains consists of slaves. What becomes of all these slaves is a question worth considering, as, before

attempting to change such a state of affairs, it is necessary to know why there should be such an extraordinary demand for human beings.

A few slave-caravans cross the Sahara to the north, where a ready sale is obtained for the survivors of the gangs at the Mediterranean ports; but, with this exception, no slaves leave the country, though this fact does not lessen in any measure the evils of the trade. The supply cannot keep up with the demand, raid as the Mahomedans will, and each year increases the amount of slave-raiding. Mr. Robinson, who furnishes the most recent information on the subject, says that during his residence in Kano he had frequent opportunities of witnessing the return of the Mahomedans from their raids, and on one occasion he saw no less than a thousand slaves brought in by a single party. Yet Kano is no worse than other States; everywhere are pagan freemen becoming scarce, and the price of a slave, and consequently the incentive to raid, grows greater year by year.

The horrors of slave-raiding are familiar to everyone; it is therefore needless to dwell on them further than to remind the reader that it is not the mere status of slavery that is so repugnant to our feelings as the terrible loss of life which attends the capture of the miserable human beings, and the subsequent deaths from starvation and thirst, resulting from the long marches before the slaves are finally disposed of. Glancing at the map of this particular region, we see that Adamawa lies seven hundred miles, as the crow flies, to the south-east of Sokoto. Now the annual tribute required by the Sultan of Sokoto from the Emir of Adamawa is stated to be ten thousand slaves. These unfortunate beings may possibly have been captured on the eastern outskirts of

Adamawa, and therefore, before reaching Yola, have passed through the terrors of a march of several weeks; but no sooner have they recovered from this than they are drafted off to proceed by land to the Fulah capital. Of these gangs it is no exaggeration to say that not one half of them survive to reach their destination. Strange as it may read, the presence of the Royal Niger Company in the country indirectly increases this mortality; for the fact of the Benué and Niger rivers being under its supervision necessitates the conveyance of the slaves by inland routes at a distance from water, and the rivers can no longer be used as a highway for the carriage of this species of commodity. In reality, were the Niger Company's steamers to carry passengers from one place to another, making no enquiries and not discountenancing the slave-trade, the saving of life would be enormous; but, of course, such an idea could not for a moment be entertained. Something, however, might be done by the Company's steamers in the matter of carrying passengers which would indirectly affect the slaves and the slave-trade very considerably; but to this I will refer presently.

The subject may be conveniently discussed under the heads of demand and supply. As to the demand, we have seen that a certain proportion of the captured pagans are exported to the north, and that a still larger number pass as tribute from the minor States to Sokoto, but the total of these two drains on the supply is a mere drop in the ocean of slavery. The bulk consists principally of two classes, domestic slaves, and saleable beasts of burden. The former become the household servants, labourers, concubines, and harem attendants of their Mahomedan masters, while the latter are employed by the merchants

for the transport of their goods, an additional advantage being that, as the merchant sells his wares, he can readily dispose also of the slave who carried them, and thus save himself the expense of keeping him longer than necessary. So likewise a traveller, journeying from place to place, takes with him a number of slaves to defray the expenses of his journey, selling them as required to pay his bills. Thus the slave of the Soudan is an actual currency, and, in fault of a better, a fairly convenient and portable one.

With regard to domestic slavery: when once the slaves have settled down in their new homes, there is nothing very irksome in their existence, and this has often been put forward as a reason for non-interference. It is impossible, however, for anyone who knows how they arrive at this state of comparative ease, to forget what they have undergone to attain to it; and should any of my readers require further enlightenment, I would refer them to Sir H. H. Johnston's *HISTORY OF A SLAVE*, a realistic little book full of minute details. Pure domestic slavery as it exists in certain parts of pagan West Africa, where slave-raiding on its own account is unknown, and where the slaves are either born in servitude or captives of war, is a condition of things which it is perhaps difficult to interfere with all at once; and this, I may say, is a very different affair from the domestic slavery in Mahomedan countries. On the West Coast,—the Niger Coast Protectorate, for instance, where among the pagans domestic slavery is in full force—the servitude is of a very light description; and it is no uncommon thing for a slave, by good behaviour, to acquire land and wealth, and even rise to the position of chief or king. Ja Ja of Opobo, Waribo and Oko Jumbo of Bonny, Yellow Duke of

Old Calabar, and William Kia of Brass may be mentioned as men who have risen from servitude to be chiefs of the people. In the Mahomedan countries nearly all the domestic slaves are products of raiding; there is consequently no bond of union among them, since they probably come from different tribes, not even speaking the same language, and they have little in common with each other or with their masters. What their condition is depends entirely on their owners; but as a rule, so long as they are well behaved, their life is not altogether a burden; in fact with thrift they are able in the course of time to purchase their freedom. To the Mahomedan these domestic slaves mean wealth, not the mere value of the slave, but the value of his labour; for, in a country where land can be had for practically nothing, the only requisite for making it pay is labour to cultivate it; therefore the more slaves a man possesses, the larger his estates and the greater his importance. As he grows rich, his harem increases correspondingly, and female slaves and eunuchs are required in greater numbers.

Comparing domestic slavery in modern Africa with that of ancient Rome, one is struck by the remarkable similarity in the two systems. The Mahomedan householder is not unlike the time-honoured *paterfamilias*; within his compound he reigns almost supreme, death being the only restriction on his powers of punishment. The slave is allowed his *peculium*, the enjoyment of his savings, with power to buy his freedom. Male slaves are also sometimes manumitted; and females are given in marriage to other slaves of the household, when a certain amount of liberty is permitted to the couple. The children of slaves are themselves slaves, and the property of the owner

of their parents; or, if they are the slaves of different masters, the first child belongs to the mother's master, the second to the father's, and so on alternately; and these children can be sold as slaves. Again a slave has no rights of citizenship; he can neither sue nor be sued in a court of law; he has no redress for grievances, and in fact is a mere chattel, to be sold or bought at will.

Such is the demand, the supply to meet which comes principally from the pagan tribes who are the aborigines of the country, while the remainder are the children of slaves. Slavery, however, does not conduce to much increase of the population; the laws of nature and the mode of living are against it, and probably this source does not account for more than one per cent. of the slaves. The process of slave-making adopted by the Fulahs varies according to the nature of the tribe against which their operations are directed. In the case of weak tribes, known to be incapable of much resistance, the method is that of the *razzia* pure and simple, when whole villages are surrounded and the inhabitants of both sexes and of all ages are carried off. But where the pagan tribes are too powerful to make raiding in this fashion profitable, recourse is had to the meanest devices, by which the unfortunate people are waylaid and kidnapped, or enticed away from their homes. A certain trade is also done by open purchase from the larger pagan tribes, who in some instances will sell to the Mahomedans members of smaller tribes whom they have captured in war, as well as individuals of their own tribe whom they wish to get rid of. This form of trade, however, is less common than it is under the Arabs in East Africa.

In the present state of West Central Africa, without railways or

good roads, to put an end to slave-raiding by force of arms is an absolute impossibility. No force that England could spare to put into the country would be sufficiently strong to cope with the raiders in all directions; and to crush them in one part merely means driving them to some other hunting-ground a little further afield. The whole solution, however, lies in a nutshell; once do away with the demand for slaves, and the supply will at once cease, as indeed happened in the case of the over-sea slave-trade of the West Coast when slavery became illegal in America and other parts. It must be remembered that although Europe has divided Africa into what are called spheres of influence, she has at present absolutely no jurisdiction over the majority of the Mahomedan States in these spheres; and the most that can be done by way of compulsion is to stop the subsidies paid to the rulers for the right of trading in their territories, a proceeding which would of course put an end to all commercial enterprise and consequently the reason for the presence of Europe in Africa. We are discussing only the countries of the Central and Western Soudan, where slave-raiding exists in its worst form, but where (since there is little or no outside traffic in slaves) it would probably be easier to suppress it than on the East Coast, whence there is still a smuggled export of pagan Africans. The internal or local demand for slaves could be diminished in two ways; I do not say that the demand would altogether disappear, but it would probably decrease to such an extent that it would hardly be worth the Mahomedans' while to attempt to make a living entirely by systematic raiding. The two simplest ways to meet the difficulty (as advocated by many distinguished Anglo-Africans) are the introduction of a money

currency and the construction of roads and railways. The first is perhaps the least difficult, and when once money is in free circulation, the necessity for half the slaves now employed would end; tribute would be paid in money, and the merchant would no longer require to transport enormous loads of cotton and other goods from place to place for barter. The transport of a certain amount of merchandise would still go on, but, with good roads, and with railways and steamers to carry the goods, very few carrier slaves would be necessary. Railways unfortunately take time to construct, but in the meanwhile something might be done by the Royal Niger Company, which has the command of the great waterway which runs from one end of the country to the other. If the company's steamers on the Middle Niger and the Benué were to carry passengers and freight from one port to another at reasonable rates, there is little doubt that the natives would gladly avail themselves of this method of transport; but so far nothing has been attempted in this direction. The people are great travellers, and there is every reason to believe that a passenger line of steamers on these rivers would in a very short time be a paying concern. The Niger, in point of riverside population, does not compare unfavourably with the larger rivers of Asia, on which there is always found a line (and generally a rival line) of passenger steamers. Take, for example, the Canton river, the Irrawadi, the Indus, or the Tigris; on each of these rivers there has been for many years an excellent service of steamers, patronised equally by the Chinese, Burmans, natives of India, or Arabs, who live on the respective river-banks. But apart from the Niger-Benué line being a remunerative one, the fact still remains that, by this means, an

indirect blow would be dealt to slavery; and if the British Government or the great body of African philanthropists, saw their way to subsidizing such a line until it was firmly established, the good that would result could not fail to fully repay their efforts. In commending this to the Royal Niger Company, I would point out that for many years to come it is improbable that a railway will pass through the country in which they trade; but that when a railway is constructed (as it inevitably will be within the next quarter of a century) throughout the length of what for want of a better name we may call Hausaland, that is to say, from Sokoto to Lake Chad, it will in the natural course of events connect with the railway which is even now being laid from Lagos to Ilorin and the Middle Niger, with the result that the whole of the trade of these rich provinces will pass into the hands of the colony of Lagos to the impoverishment of the Niger Company. The Company, therefore, would do well to attract the transport of Mahomedan merchandise to the river before it has been diverted elsewhere.

I have, I fear, wandered somewhat from my subject, though my object in putting forward the establishment of passenger traffic on the Niger and Benué was to show how it might affect the number of slaves required to be kept by the Mahomedan traders. To return to the question of currency: the slave in these parts, is, as I have said, an actual currency, equivalent in English money to from £10 for a young girl to £1 for a middle-aged man, and as negotiable in any public market as a bank-note in England. To oust this form of currency and introduce a new one would be to sap the foundations of the present slave system of the Mahomedan merchants, who are quite astute enough to

understand the advantages of the introduction of money into their transactions. In fact they are already fully aware of its advantages, since the few silver coins which have at different times found their way into these regions are readily bought at a price far exceeding their European value. These coins are almost entirely the old Maria Theresa dollars, which originally found their way to Bornu in the days when a very considerable trade in ostrich-feathers was carried on between the merchants of Bornu and Tripoli. Since that time, the same coin has been taken to the country by several European travellers, and the identical dollar (with the date 1780) is still struck in Austria for export to Central Africa. Now here is a form of money ready to hand, and one which, being known to the people, it might be the best to use at first. The matter, however, of the particular coin to be used is immaterial, the great point being the importance of flooding the country with money, and the medium for bringing this about is primarily the Royal Niger Company. English money is used freely in all our West Coast colonies, and even in the Niger Coast Protectorate, which came into existence some years after the Niger Company obtained its charter; but in the Company's territories money, as a legal tender, is unknown.

The question of initiating a new system of trade in a country is, I am fully aware, not to be dealt with lightly; in fact, it requires to be very carefully thought out, as so many side issues are involved. In attempting, therefore, the introduction of a money currency into these regions, it would be necessary to consider whether it would be acceptable to the natives, or whether they would reject it. The European

traders need not be considered at present; they might lose a little at first, but would soon recover what they had lost by the rapid increase in trade. To discuss the question from the native point of view, we must examine the present method of carrying on business in this portion of the Soudan. The system is not actual barter, though it is not far removed from it, the difference being that there is an intermediate stage, by which the native merchants estimate the value of articles that they wish to sell or buy. This medium for bargaining is the cowrie (about two thousand of them being equal in value to a shilling), which is a species of currency, yet cannot be said to be an actual one, as there is no fixed standard; the cowrie is a mere token, and the holder of cowries cannot recover the value of them unless he can find others willing to take them. Thus the value of cowries varies each day and in each place, everything depending on whether the particular market happens to be well provided with them,—a state of affairs which, in a country with poor means of communication, is naturally a terrible hindrance to trade. Moreover, their bulk is an inconvenience to the travelling merchant, who consequently prefers to take with him cotton or other merchandise borne by slaves, whom he can also sell when he has no longer any goods for them to carry.

These cowries are not indigenous to the country, but are imported from Europe and other parts, and their use is not by any means ancient. Prior to their introduction, there were several forms of currency in the different native States; thus, on the Benué river, there were pieces of iron with a fixed value; in Bornu, the *roll* (a pound of copper) was the ancient standard, four *gabagas* (cotton strips)

going to the *rotl*, and afterwards eight cowries to the *gabaga*; in Kano, fifty years ago, the dollar had become a standard, with cowries (twenty-five hundred to the dollar) as small change; while in Timbuctoo, the standard consisted of a *mithkal* of gold dust, weighing ninety-six grains of wheat and fixed at four thousand cowries. It is interesting to note these old standards, as it shows that the natives are sufficiently advanced in the scale of civilization to understand the advantages of a portable currency; and probably the only reason that they have not improved in this respect is that the powerful men in the country have complete control over the markets, withholding cowries from circulation, or swamping the markets with them, as occasion suits them. If European money were introduced, and its value guaranteed for a certain number of years, and if all white traders were compelled to accept the money at the fixed value, then the currency question might be finally solved. Unfortunately, however, there are reasons for objection on the European trader's part. As matters stand at present, by watching the cowrie market,—where the value fluctuates from seven to seventeen pence for two thousand cowries—the Niger Company's agents are enabled to do business at a very handsome profit; and it is perhaps unreasonable to expect them to give up this profit for the sake of a little philanthropy, though this difficulty might be met by a Government subsidy for a few years.

With regard to railway construction, there is nothing impossible in laying a line between Sokoto and Lake Chad, and with a bridge or steam ferry across the Middle Niger, the Lagos-Ilorin line would then run through Nupé to Sokoto. An extension from Lake Chad to El Fascher would doubtless eventually follow, and thence eastward

to the Nile. For the present, however, this is but building castles in the air. To return to firm ground, the railway should be preceded by good roads, of a moderate width and carefully laid down, so that they could be afterwards used for a permanent way, while rest-camps or caravanserais, with a plentiful supply of water, should be established at convenient distances. All this would, of course, require money, and it is improbable that the Royal Niger Company, or any other company, would see the force of sinking so much capital with no chance of any return for a decade or more. The arguments that gained the vote for the Uganda railway would do equally well here; but failing Government support, I am afraid that there is little probability of anything being done for many years.

Let us now consider how this construction of roads and railways would affect slavery. In the first place, it would be essential that only free labour should be used for the work, and it would be necessary to protect the depôts and the labourers by a small force of constabulary. The Sultan of Sokoto and the Emirs of the vassal States would have to be persuaded to permit the work; but there is nothing that an African ruler will not do for money, so that is merely a matter of bribery. Now comes the question of labour; would it be forthcoming? Perhaps not at first, but by importing Sierra Leone coolies and Kruboyos to make a start, and by offering fair wages and protection, the natives would soon see the advantage of working. I do not imagine that the Mahomedans themselves would ever work; but the pagan villagers are no fools, and they would readily grasp the situation, as they have done in the Congo State. By these means there would be fewer pagans to be raided, since, with a constabulary

guard, anyone employed on the works would be a British subject, free and protected from attack. It seems to me that the only difficulty would be to find enough work for the applicants. With a good road running east and west through Hausaland, and with branches here and there connecting with the Benué and Middle Niger, communications would be so well established that trade would be at once doubled; the inland parts would become accessible to European traders, the caravanserais would become trading stations, when the Niger Company would be able to actually have a voice in the administration of the country, from which in the course of time would result complete control over the native rulers, and finally the abolition of the status of slavery. This scheme of roads and railways is, it must be acknowledged, rather an extensive one, and possibly may be considered fanciful; yet, compared with what England has already spent on the suppression of the slave-trade in Africa, the cost would be infinitesimal.

The passing of resolutions in London will never abolish the slave-trade in Africa. What is wanted is real systematic action in the country itself; and were missionary and other philanthropic societies to combine, and consent to be guided by the advice of those who are acquainted with Africa, then the matter might be settled for ever. Ask the average Englishman what European Power has been the champion of the abolition of slavery, and he will readily answer "England." He will undoubtedly be correct; yet if we look at Africa, now virtually belonging to half a dozen European Powers, what do we find? That England, of all nations, flies her flag over, or, at any rate, has under her protection, thousands of square miles in which no attempt has been made to suppress slavery, and, where indeed she actually

recognizes the legal status of slavery. So long as we acknowledge the right of a Mahomedan, or any other African, to hold slaves, we are aiding and abetting the slave-trade; we are practically encouraging the supply by allowing the demand to continue. It will no doubt be contended that the time has not yet come for proclaiming throughout all our African protectorates that the status of slavery is illegal; but, on the other hand, are we honestly doing all we can to hasten the arrival of that time? Are we honestly fulfilling the obligations we undertook, with ten other Great Powers, at the Brussels Conference in 1890? These obligations were as follows:—

The gradual establishment in the interior, by the Powers to which the territories are subject, of strongly occupied stations, in such a way as to make their protective or repressive action effectively felt in the territories devastated by slave-hunting.

The construction of roads, and in particular of railways, connecting the advanced stations with the coast, and permitting easy access to the inland waters, and to such of the upper courses of the rivers and streams as are broken by rapids and cataracts, in view of substituting economical and rapid means of transport for the present means of carriage by men.

On the East Coast of Africa we have done and are doing much; but in our sphere of influence in West Central Africa seven years passed without the least attempt being made to carry out the terms of the Brussels Act, and now, in the eighth year, all that has been done is the abolition of slavery in that part of the country south of the Middle Niger; and this, we must remember, has been effected at the cost of the shareholders of the Royal Niger Company, not of the British nation.

To sum up the situation of slavery in British West Central Africa: there

exists an ever-increasing internal demand for slaves, which the Fulahs endeavour by every available means to supply ; England has pledged herself to the abolition of slavery within her African protectorates (whether under direct or Chartered Company administration) by making roads and railways, and by establishing posts throughout the country, but in the enormous tracts lying to the north of the Benué and the Middle Niger, nothing has been attempted. By opening communications, and by introducing a money currency, it might be possible to decrease the demand for at any rate those slaves now used as carriers ;

while the establishment of trading stations in the interior, consequent on the better roads, might give us sufficient power in the land to strike the final blow. Enough blood has already been shed in Africa by this accursed traffic. Surely, then, if it be possible by peaceful means to abolish it, it is the moral duty of Great Britain to make an effort to fulfil the promises that she solemnly made to the world at Brussels, and to endeavour, in this reign of reigns, to ameliorate the condition of the negro, without increasing the bitterness of which his cup is already full.

A. F. MOCKLER-FERRYMAN.

## THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS AT AMSTERDAM.

IN most foreign capitals and large towns of northern and central Europe the Zoological Garden is an important social institution. In Berlin or Hamburg, for instance, a late dinner at the Gardens is as popular as a dinner at the Star and Garter, at Richmond, would be here; and it must be added that it is quite as well served and much more amusing. Foreigners excel in this side of the management of a Zoological Garden. But much may be learned by visiting the continental collections, as to the care and maintenance of birds, beasts, and fishes in these great menageries, and the best way of exhibiting them to the public. Good as are the Gardens of Berlin and Paris, we prefer that of Amsterdam to any other, not excepting our own in London. The Dutch have a natural aptitude for managing wild animals, just as the English have, and the site of the Garden is far superior to that in Regent's Park. The Society was founded in 1834, or only three years later than the Royal Zoological Society of London. Its motto is *Natura Artis Majistra*, and this legend, written conspicuously on all the Society's buildings, has been converted by the public into a handy name for the Gardens. Instead of the "Zoo" the Amsterdam public speak of the "Artis"; and they are almost as proud of the Artis as of the new Rijks Museum for the national pictures. The Gardens stand on a natural soil of warm sand and peat, covering a solid oblong of nearly twelve acres, not parcelled off by roads, streets, or canals, and originally purchased of the City of Amsterdam for four hundred thousand florins. The site is now worth four million florins,

and continues to increase in value. The whole area is divided into some eighty-five islands of grass, separated by winding paths made of the fine shell-gravel of Holland. The islands are thickly planted with trees, mainly wych-elm, which give shade without darkness. On these islands and round the sides of the oblong are built the houses, exercising-grounds, and aviaries for birds and beasts. In almost every case each colony is isolated from others of different species by the trees, so that the visitor can see one thing at a time and not be perplexed by the simultaneous sight of incongruous forms. Three pretty lakes, like those in St. James's Park, lie right across the Gardens, and upon each of these numbers of water-birds live, make their nests, and bring up their young. This maze of trees and lakes, with the lovely plumage of the tropical birds artistically scattered among them in aviaries or chained in lines to perches beside the avenues, make as fair a scene as any city has to show.

It is a delightful place even to sit or stroll in and lunch under the trees, with all the interest of the menagerie added to its natural beauties. Lastly, in point of date, but not of relative importance, there has now been added the most beautiful aquarium in Europe, where the visitor can walk as if he were on the bottom of the sea, and watch on either side shoals of fish, from the Dutch turbot and herrings of the North Sea to the paradise fish of China, swimming beside and above him behind their crystal walls. This building, handsome outside and most beautiful within, for the living pictures on the walls

are marvels of light, movement, and colour, cost £12,000, and the Amsterdammers are justly proud of it. All this paradise of beasts, birds, and fish is open to any one who can pay a shilling, and can be enjoyed on condition of the observance of two peremptory restrictions. No one is to pick *bloemen en bladen* (grass or flowers) under a fine of five gulden, and anyone who either feeds or teases the animals incurs a similar fine. The Dutch are a most law-abiding people, and not even the elephant tempts to a breach of the law by begging, though elephants have begged buns and pennies since the days of Caesar Augustus. A concession is made to public feeling in the case of the monkeys. Their keepers are allowed to feed them with monkey-nuts at the request of the curious visitor, or the latter may have the gratification of doing so himself, provided the food comes from the authorized source.

The result of not feeding the creatures is to make them quite indifferent to the visitor. They lead their own life and take no interest in the human beings they see daily. On the other hand, as no little Dutch boy would dare to make an ugly face even at the meekest animal, they are neither nervous nor shy, but behave much as if no one were in the Gardens but themselves. Sometimes, as in the case of the cranes and storks, which dance by the hour to amuse themselves, or the cormorants, which build their nests and bring up their broods, this is an advantage from the visitor's point of view. He sees many of the creatures living according to nature. In the case of the nocturnal creatures, especially the smaller carnivora, this refusal to make a change of habit when living in public is rather a nuisance. The Artis possesses, for instance, a good collection of small wild cats, ocelots,

gennets, pole-cats, and their kind, including one creature of doubtful merit, a very fine skunk. These are all kept in light cages on the outside of a kind of horse-shoe, where, unlike the same creatures in the small cat-house at our London Gardens, they can be seen well. But as they are never fed or touched by visitors, they follow nature literally, and with one consent go to sleep all day long. The writer was amused, as well as disappointed, to find in every cage, ocelot, tiger-cat, gennet, polecat, or whatever the occupant, curled up in a ball and fast asleep. As most of the creatures had made a bed in the centre of the bunch of willow-shavings given them in place of straw, there was practically nothing but fur to look at. Some of the rarer tropical antelopes are even more aloof from the public than these sleeping beauties. Two or three very rare and beautiful gazelles are kept behind glass, in specially warm compartments where no draught can reach them. At the back of this glass house is set a large mirror, so that from the spectacular point of view there is a gain rather than a loss.

In visiting different menageries one notes that most animals behave in much the same way wherever they are kept in captivity. By an accident which looks like design the director has set in a stall next to some of these elegant creatures a sturdy little Asiatic elephant, a present from the Sultan of Siak to some Dutch governor in the Malay Archipelago. He is a fat little slate-coloured beast, like a toy elephant, not higher than a sideboard, and is permitted to be patted and handled by the public, though not to be fed. While very deliberate and solemn in his ways his eye is in constant motion observing his observers, and the keeper of the elephant says that if only sold to a circus he could be trained more

quickly than any animal yet under his care. "Taking notice" is evidently more common in some elephants than in others.

Every Zoological Garden has certain specialities and departments in which it excels. Birds in general, and certain animals in particular, especially the prairie-dogs in their colony, the sea-lion, and the apes, are particularly well off at Amsterdam. The Garden has also a great reputation for breeding young lions, jaguars, leopards, and, until recently, hippopotamuses. The prairie-dog town is very inexpensive to maintain, and so amusing that we ought to institute one at our own Garden. Prairie-dogs, as every one knows, are American marmots, much smaller, more lively (as they do not hibernate), and sandy-coloured, but in other respects they are very much like the European marmot. At Amsterdam they live in a round enclosure, floored with sand, which goes to any depth as it is in the natural soil. In this some thirty prairie-dogs live, and spend nearly all day in digging, when they are not eating carrots, or sitting bolt upright, making believe to be on sentry duty outside the burrow. The digging mania seizes perhaps half-a-dozen prairie-dogs at once. They rush to the nearest hole, dive in, and in a few seconds a shower of sand is flying out behind. Other prairie-dogs run to help, and get their heads and eyes covered with the shower. The volunteer retires discomfited, brushes the sand off his head and rubs it into his eyes with his paws, watching the heap outside the hole growing big. Then a bright idea seizes him. He rushes at the loose heap, hugs a quantity between his arms, chest, and chin, and shoves it down the hole on to the miner inside. Fast as the latter can dig, the prairie-dog at the pit-mouth can shove in sand still

faster, till at last the one inside thinks something must be wrong, scratches his way out, and emerges to confront his friend, who sits up on end and stares at him, as if to say, "Who ever could have known you were down there? Why didn't you mention it sooner?" The big apes have also a capital playground. The baboons, Barbary apes, and several other kinds of monkey are not arboreal in their habits, but creatures of the rock and desert. Instead, therefore, of sitting on straw in a cage with a few swings and trapezes to amuse them, they have a big out-door playground, with deep sand, rocks, and one or two dead trees and stone water-troughs; they have also a straw yard for exercise in cold weather. It is an interesting sight to see the big baboons slip out of their inner cage through a hole in the wall, drop on to the sand, and, after taking a drink at the trough, which they do on all fours, putting their faces down to the water like a horse, begin to hunt for larvæ or ants in the sand. This they pick up in their hands and examine, dropping the grains bit by bit, as if looking for gold dust. The sea-lion has a fine grotto, with water dropping from above, but dry under the projecting roof, where he sits and suns himself like a mermaid on the rocks.

Near the southern end of the Garden three large lakes cross the grounds. One of these is devoted to marine birds, the others to inland water-fowl. The colony of cormorants on the first is especially interesting. They build nests of dead sticks, from one to three feet high. Sometimes two pairs combine to make a joint establishment. This is managed by the hen-birds, for the cocks dislike proximity and fight on the doorstep while their wives sit contentedly upon their half-grown young. These poke

their heads out from under their mammas and keep up an incessant clattering croak for food, which is supplied at short intervals by the keepers. The fish are given to the old cock-birds, who thereupon leave off fighting, swallow their food, and, walking up to the nest, apparently commence also to swallow their offspring. But, having got the little heads well into their own throats they only, instead of swallowing the young, jerk the fish into their mouths and then disgorge them; after the performance of which paternal duty they retire to the trees, where they sit basking and contentedly contemplating their families.

The breeding of lions has been for many years a source of profit and credit to the Amsterdam Gardens. The finest lioness in Regent's Park was an Amsterdam cub. She was so square built and strong that connoisseurs pronounced her the very best lioness ever seen in England; but she is also very savage, and while the Sokoto lion who was mated with her here (unfortunately with no result), could be pulled about by his keeper like a St. Bernard dog, no man dare touch the Dutch-bred lioness. Our lions have not had a family for many years, the pumas alone breeding freely. Sutton, the lion-keeper, who has just retired after forty years' service at the Gardens, always maintained that this was partly because our stock was not up to the mark. Mr. Rowland Ward presented the Zoological Gardens with a new lion last year, and some cubs were born, but did not survive. At Amsterdam there have been families of lions every year, while leopards and even jaguars have litters. Sometimes every other cage holds a litter of cubs. This is not due to any obvious superiority of their cages over those in Regent's Park. On the contrary, the day

houses are rather smaller than the cages of our lions. The night quarters are larger, but there are no outdoor runs like the fine summer palace built for the lions, pumas, tigers, and leopards of London. All the feline animals kept at Amsterdam are fine specimens, but the most beautiful of all is a female jaguar, whose family of cubs were last year one of the sights of the Artis. In May these cubs were the size of cats, with short sturdy legs, fluffy rosetted coats, like red gold dust, and very fat; one, lying on a pile of oat-straw, was making almost his first meat dinner off a piece of boiled mutton. All true cats love to lie on a shelf, and the big felidae of Amsterdam are all provided with this form of furniture. Three splendid pumas, a male jaguar, and a tiger were all lying on their shelves on the occasion of the writer's first visit to their house. The number of young lions was a feature of the show, all bred in the Gardens except one, a three-year-old from Senegambia, which had a coat as thick and woolly as a Turkey carpet. Hippopotamus breeding has also been a speciality of Amsterdam. Five years ago we paid £800 for one of their calves, which is now flourishing in the Regent's Park. Last spring, however, one of the Amsterdam hippopotamuses died, and unless another can be got from the Congo it will be difficult to replace it before we retake Khartoum. There is a species of dwarf hippopotamus, a native of Liberia, which has never yet been brought to Europe. Captain Hinde, author of *THE FALL OF THE CONGO ARABS*, notes that when in the service of the Free State he saw a third variety, about the size of Alderney cows, on the Sankuru River, a deep slow stream flowing into the Kasai. As he saw one herd of twenty-three and another of seventeen it is hardly probable

that these could have been all young specimens of the common hippopotamus. They were all alike, considerably larger than the Liberian species, and not half the size of that of the Nile. As the Dutch Society are so successful with their hippopotamuses it would probably pay them to contract with the Congo Free State for some of these rare animals to be caught and shipped home. The young ones would command a ready sale at from £800 to £900 apiece.

The European bison, or aurochs, has disappeared from the Regent's Park. The last specimen was one of the most imposing creatures in the whole menagerie, the American bull bison being completely dwarfed beside the enormous bulk of the European bonassus. Both creatures have the double interest of singularity of form and of rapidly approaching extinction, but of the two the aurochs is far the rarest in the collections of Europe. At Amsterdam there are a pair, male and female, from the Lithuanian forest, where alone, except in some inaccessible region at the foot of the Caucasus, the European bison is now found. The male is quite as large as that which lived in the Regent's Park. Its mane is not so thick, but its chin carries a beard two feet long.

But the special glory of the Amsterdam gardens are the birds. If they are not as exuberantly happy as those on the Scamander "rejoicing in their wings," they are at least as happy as birds can be which do not fly. No matter what the species, they are all the picture of health. Storks and cranes, parrots and lorys (out of doors), hawks, eagles, vultures, are in perfect plumage, with bright eyes, bloom upon their feathers, and all the signs of good condition without which no bird retains its beauty for a day. There is not a draggled bird in the Gardens. The greatest surprise is in the case of

the eagles and their kindred. In most other collections the feathers of these birds become broken, their feet diseased, and their plumage soiled with wet and dirt very soon after the spring moult. In one row of cages at the Artis has been seen condors, sea-eagles, lammergeyers, a king-vulture, and a hawk-eagle, all sunning themselves and spreading their wings in which not a single broken feather could be seen. Each bird was in such condition that a falconer would have pronounced it fit to fly. As no one is allowed to feed, or to disturb the birds, they never fly against the bars or damage their plumage in efforts to escape. But the main factor in ensuring their health is the dry peaty sand which forms the natural floor of their houses. It absorbs all moisture and dirt: it can be used as a sand-bath as well as a floor; and when it becomes heated with the sun the birds can always get a cool couch by scratching or shuffling a few inches below the surface. Thus it is a basking-ground for their backs, and if necessary cools their breasts in hot weather. Eagles and kites will lie on the warm sand by the hour, and dust in it; golden pheasants half bury themselves in the yellow mass; bower-birds, lyre-birds, and doves scratch and play on it like infants in the Board School sand-heap. The water-side birds dislike a permanent state of sloppiness just as much as the others. If they have water near, they too prefer the sand as a floor. In place of the grass lawn on which they are kept at Regent's Park, with pans of water, they occupy two rows of houses facing each other, before each of which is a court of this dry sand. Past the whole terrace of bird-houses runs a constant stream of fresh water in a shallow stone bed. This stream rises in a fountain beneath a chestnut tree in the centre of each line of

courts, and flows either way, the fountains, streams, and storks suggesting certain visions in the book of Ezekiel. Each house holds a pair or more of the scarlet, grey, white-cream, rose-colour, and black. No less than thirty species inhabit the two terraces, including flamingos, scarlet ibises, tantalus - storks, Stanley's cranes, crowned cranes, adjutants, and all the long-legged birds with which Japanese fans are covered.

The small birds and parrots are exhibited with equal skill. Before long we must have a new parrot house in Regent's Park, and as the house also contains the small foreign birds, which is not the case at Amsterdam, we may look for a separation of the two, and some improvement in the art of exhibiting them. At the Artis all the small birds are in wide cages, painted white with some harmless composition, which shows the inmates off to advantage. The parrots and cockatoos are taken out in summer, and arranged in two parallel lines under the trees of the central avenue. Each bird is fastened by a light chain to a swinging perch, attached to a tall metal rod, with a pan for food and water close by. The effects of this avenue, some eighty yards long, of vivid blue, scarlet, green, and orange, softened by the whites, pale pinks, and yellows of the cockatoos, is admirable. The birds shout, swing, scream, and talk Dutch all the day long. This system, which is followed on a small scale in our Regent's Park Gardens, answers perfectly. The birds are in the prime of condition, and the spring moulting, the troublesome period with all caged birds, causes no loss of health or sickness.

We have reserved the aquarium for the close of this paper. Without hesitation it may be taken that this is the most beautiful thing in the Artis, and well worth copying in all Zoo-

logical Gardens. It adds also to the logical completeness of the collection of living natural history. To include the birds and beasts, and leave out the fish makes the presentation of nature incomplete. It is true that there is not even such a successful beginning of an insect-house as at Regent's Park; but the aquarium is really delightful. When well built and well managed a collection of living fish has one great advantage over collections of living beasts and birds. You can see them much better and to far greater advantage than if you were looking at them in the sea, or down into a pool. It does not much matter whether the fish are in glass tanks on tables in a top-lighted room, or in tanks between which a gallery is sunk, into which the light comes obliquely from above. The latter is prettier, for the creatures in the water gain a kind of extra glow, as if they themselves gave out light. But in any case the tanks are like luminous living pictures, and the fish look as beautiful as they would if we could walk in the sea-grottos and see them with unsmarting eyes. The indigenous fish of the Dutch coast are quite as beautiful, in the water, as the parti-coloured tropical fishes. The former dwell in glass cases on either side of a long passage. On the left hand of this gallery each tank represents what is practically a sample of the bottom of the North Sea and the fish that dwell therein. It is paved, not with pebbles, but with the bright yellow sand of that coast. The chief Dutch food-fishes, which the big flat-bottomed pinks are employed in catching, are herrings first (Amsterdam is popularly believed to be founded on herring-bones), then gurnards, turbot, butts, soles, eels, crabs, and flounders. The herrings have to be allowed a light at night, otherwise they knock their noses against the sides of the tank.

This is one interesting discovery from observing fish in an aquarium. In the day the whole shoal of herrings, to the number of fifty, are very lively, and most beautiful creatures they are. Nearly all the cod go blind, from an extraordinary hypertrophy of the eye, which becomes terribly swollen; whether this is due to exposure to light, for the cod mainly live in a very dim light when on the Banks, is not certain, but the lemurs at our Gardens constantly go blind from this cause. The flat fish are perhaps the most interesting of all to watch. The following notes of a morning passed in studying them may be taken as a sample of the amusement afforded by the aquarium to appreciative visitors.

The flat fish, whether at rest or in motion, have an air of vigilance, vivacity, and intelligence greater than any of the normally shaped fish. This is in part due to their habits, and in part to the expression of the flat fish's eye. This, which is sunk and invisible in the dead fish, is raised on a kind of turret in the living turbot or sole, and set there in a half-revolving apparatus, working almost as independently as the "ball-and-socket" eyes of the chameleon. There is this difference, however, in the eye of the lizard and of the fish. The iris of the chameleon is a mere pin-hole at the top of the eye-ball, which is thus absolutely without expression. The turbot's or "butt's" eyes are black and gold and intensely bright, with none of the fixed, staring, stupid appearance of ordinary fishes' eyes. It lies upon the sand and jerks its eyes independently into position to survey any part of the ground surface, the water above, or that on either side at any angle. If it had light-rays to project from its eye, instead of to receive, the effect would be precisely that made by the sudden shifting of the jointed apparatus which casts the electric light from a warship at any angle on to sea, sky, or horizon. The turbot, though ready, graceful swimmers, moving in wave-like undulations across the water, or dashing off like a flash when so disposed, usually lie perfectly still upon the bottom. They do not, like the dabs and flounders, cover themselves with sand, for they mimic the

colour of the ground with such absolute fidelity that except for the shining eye it is almost impossible to distinguish them. It would appear that volition plays some part in this subtle conformity to environment; for one turbot, which is *blind*, has changed to a tint too light, and not at all in harmony with that of the sand. It is not generally known that fish yawn. The writer saw a turbot yawn twice, and a cod once,—the latter being one of the widest yawns accomplished by any animal of its size. The yawn of a turbot, being something not commonly seen, deserves more particular description. A turbot's mouth is twisted on one side, rather as if it had belonged to a round fish which some one had accidentally trodden on and squashed half flat. The yawn begins at the lips, which open as if to suck in water. Then the jaws become distended, and it is seen that this is going to be a real genuine submarine fish's yawn. But the yawn goes on, works through the back of its head, distending the plates of the skull, and comes out at the gills, which open, show the red inside, are inflated for a moment, and then, with a kind of stretching shiver of its back, the fish flattens out again, until, if unusually bored, it relieves itself by another yawn.

The tropical fishes are kept in square glass tanks in a top-lighted rotunda. The beauty of the paradise fish, the golden carp, and the extraordinary Japanese fish with fins and tails like long pennants of gold, can there be properly appreciated. Feeding-time is perhaps the most interesting hour at which to visit these fish. They, as well as many of the sea-fishes, such as the herrings and even the sea-anemones, live almost entirely on the microscopic water-insects which swarm in the ponds where the wild-fowl live. Summer and winter alike these *entomostraca* are bred in millions in the ponds, and the keeper has only to take a muslin net, sweep it about in the water, and bring it out with a couple of handfuls of red-looking powder at the bottom. Under the microscope this red powder separates into water-fleas, cyclops, and other strange-looking beasts. The

fish know what it is well enough; and when they see the man bearing the bag they crowd up to the edge of the tank and flatten their noses against the glass like little boys staring into a pastry-cook's window. When a few pinches are put into the tank the fish dart at it from every side, sucking it down like soup; no other food keeps them in such good health and it costs nothing to grow.

Though it savours somewhat of paradox to say so, in most respects, except the splendid aquarium, Amsterdam is an old-fashioned Zoological Garden. It is kept mainly as a collection of specimens belonging to the members of a learned society.

There is no attempt to show the felidæ in great inclosures where many are seen together, as is done by Mr. Carl Hagenbeck at Hamburg, or to provide a real jungle for the monkeys to play in, or a palm-house full of birds of paradise and honey-suckers. It is an example of a very fine collection exhibited on the old lines, half scientific, half popular, and like our own Zoological Garden it has grown up on old traditions. But it is all good of its kind, well kept, well supported, and pleasing to look upon; nor is the interest of a visit ever marred by the slightest suspicion of animal sickness or animal suffering.

C. J. CORNISH.

## THE HAUNTED SCHOONER.

*(A Tale of the Eastern Seas.)*

The Ghosts of the West are laid, are laid,  
 The Spirits, and Elves, and Sprites;  
 The steam-whistle's scream hath made them afraid,—  
 Too clear are the White men's nights.  
 The gas-jet's flare, and the lamp-light's glare,  
 The clamour, the rush, the roar,  
 Have driven them forth from the lands of the North  
 To roam on an alien shore.

But the Ghosts of the East wax strong, wax strong,  
 For the land is spent and old,  
 And the corpse-lights whisper a tale of wrong  
 To dead men under the mould,  
 While the *Hantus* cry 'neath the starless sky,  
 And the Witch-hags laugh and yell,  
 When the night shuts down o'er village and town,  
 And opens the gates of Hell.

I CANNOT pretend to explain this story, nor do I ask anyone to believe it; that is entirely a matter for private judgment. But those who know the East intimately will hesitate to assert that anything, no matter how unlikely, is impossible in the lands where man's body is bathed in eternal splendour, while his mind remains hopelessly steeped in unending night and gloom. I can only tell the tale as I heard it; first from a white man, who knew me well enough to trust me not to laugh at him, and later from a Malay boatswain, who did not realise that, by telling a plain story simply and by relating facts exactly as they occurred, he was running any risk of becoming an object of ridicule. I have not attempted to use the words of either of my informants, for the eyes of the East and the eyes of the West are of different focus, the one seeing clearly where the other is almost blind. No

given circumstances have precisely the same value when they are related by a Native or by a European, yet each may speak truly according to his vision; and who shall say which of the twain attains the more nearly to the abstract truth?

The islands of the Eastern Seas, where life is too indolent for a man to do more than dream over the marvellous grouping of the treasures, and the lavish use of light and colour and shade wherewith Nature paints her pictures for lazy eyes to look upon; where the sad, soft winds lull you gently with their spicy breath; where the air comes to you heavy with memories of the cool sleeping forest; where action is folly, and all effort seems a madness; and where the drowsy people, taking the true spirit of their surroundings, seem to be given over to slumber and to

dreamy rest,—these islands of the Eastern Seas have the power to bind a man to them for all his days. It needs an effort, for one who has drunk deeply of the intoxication of these sleepy places, to break away from them, and effort has become repugnant to his very being. But if, as happens now and again, a man grows weary of the islands, he must turn his back alike upon them and upon the rising sun, for if he goes towards the East he only increases his trouble. Almost before he is aware of it he will slip into the archipelagoes of the Pacific, and there life is still so entrancing, in spite of the Germans and the Missionaries, that he will soon find himself bound hand and foot by ties stronger even than those from which he seeks to free himself.

If, however, he turns resolutely to the West, he may push his way through any one of the hundred gaps that are to be found in that long fringe of forest-clad islands which skirts the edge of the Malay Archipelago. Then, peeping through the gates of the strait, he may see once more the open, restless sea, and heaving to the horizon, beyond which, separated from him by more than a thousand leagues of storm-swept ocean, lies the east coast of Africa. The little straits of Sunda are the favourite track for such wayfarers, and as you near the western outlet, the point where the calm seas of the Archipelago join issue with the fierce waters of the Indian Ocean, you look your last upon Malayan lands. However insensible you may be to beauty, however impervious to the influence of your surroundings, if you have sojourned long enough among the islands, or in the Malay Peninsula, the fascination of this corner of the earth will have eaten into your heart, and a keen pang of regret will

be yours as you turn your back upon the land and beat out to the open sea.

On your right hand lies a broad tract of forest, broken here and there by little dainty villages, the bright patches of green marking the cultivated land. The jungle, fading away in the distance, colours the earth it cloaks an even greenish blue, softer than any hue for which man has a name; and behind that, very far and faint and dim, rise the white and azure mountains of the interior. The fleecy clouds appear to float around them, casting broad belts of shadow on the plain beneath, and all the land slumbers peacefully under its green coverlet. This is Sumatra; and on your left the coast of Java smiles at you through the evening light. The villages cluster closely along the shore, the ordered fields, gay with the splendours of the standing crops, spreading inland almost as far as the eye can carry. Here and there a dark patch of forest breaks the brighter green of the rice-fields, and the hills are seen dimly, blushing faintly in the glow of the setting sun.

Ahead of you lies the ocean, restless and hungry, a strange contrast to the sleepy shore; and in the very portals of the strait, grim and hard and awful, without a blade of grass to soften its harsh outlines, Krakatan, rising sheer from the sea, stands blackly outlined against the ruddy sky.

This wild mountain of roughly-hewn volcanic rock, so black in colour and so strong and harsh in outline, so rudely unlike the smiling land on either side, resembles some fearful monster that stands on guard before the gates of Paradise. In 1883 Krakatan belched forth fire and lava, destroying thousands of human beings and laying whole districts waste. Ships far out of sight of land were licked up, and burned like chaff, by

the floating fire that covered the sea for miles. Reefs rose clear from out the deep sea-bottom where formerly the waters had been unfathomed, while islands disappeared, dragged down into the bowels of the ocean. The deafening reports of the eruption's thousand explosions carried far and wide, filling distant Malayan lands with strange rumours of battle. But to-day Krakatan rears its sullen crest skywards, silent, grim, and terrible, like a destroying angel that has the power to strike but itself is indestructible.

It was lying close under the lee of Krakatan that my friend the White Man chanced to find the schooner, which he bought so cheaply from the *adipāti*, or headman, of the coast near Java Head. She was a dainty little craft, two-masted, and in first-rate condition. The price asked and given for her was absurdly small, and the White Man was full of his luck at having fallen in with her. He had no very high opinion of the morals of the Rajas, or headmen, who dwell in Malayan lands, and he told himself that the *adipāti* had probably come in possession of the schooner by means which would hardly bear scrutiny. That, however, he considered was no affair of his, for men who roam about the Archipelago are not apt to be over scrupulous, nor do they usually ask awkward questions about such gifts as the gods send them.

All went well until my friend set about seeking for a crew to man his schooner. Then he found that no living soul upon the coast of Java, nor yet among the villages on the Sumatran shore, would set foot aboard her. He wasted weeks in vainly trying to persuade and bribe the people to lend him a hand to sail the ship up to Tanjong Priuk, which is the port for Batavia, but at length

he was forced to abandon the attempt. Not without difficulty he succeeded in forcing the *adipāti* to refund one half of the purchase money, as a guarantee that the ship should not be resold until he returned to fetch her. Then he set off for Sûlu, where he had a large connection among the divers and fisher-folk. A couple of months later he returned to Krakatan, with a gang of yelling Sûlu boys crowding a tiny native craft, and took formal charge of the schooner.

The money was paid, and the ship began to beat up the Straits before a gentle breeze; and, after putting in at Tanjong Priuk to refit, and lying for a week or two under the shadow of the great Dutch guard-ships inside the breakwater, the White Man and his crew set sail for an oyster-bed of which the former alone knew the situation. I cannot tell you exactly where this fishing-ground is, for the White Man hugged his secret closely. Among the islands men pride themselves upon having exclusive knowledge of some out-of-the-way corner that no one else is supposed to have visited. It not infrequently happens that a dozen men plume themselves upon possession of such knowledge in regard to one and the same spot, and until two of them meet there all goes happily enough.

The White Man spoke to me of his schooner, in after days, with tears in his voice. She was "a daisy to sail, and as pretty as a picture," he said; and even the Malay boatswain, who had his own sufficient reasons for hating her very name, told me that at first he loved her like the youngest of his daughters.

Now the custom of the Malay pearl-fishers is this: the ship is anchored on the oyster-beds, or as near to them as is possible, and the diving takes place twice daily, at morning and evening. All the boats

are manned at these hours, and the Sâlu boys row them out to the point selected for the day's operations. The white man in charge always goes with them in order to keep an eye upon the shells, to physic exhausted divers with brandy or gin, and generally to look after his own interests.

Presently a man lowers himself slowly over the side, takes a long deep breath, and then, turning head downwards, swims into the depths, his limbs showing dimly in frog-like motions, until, if the water be very deep, he is completely lost to sight. In a few minutes he again comes into view, his face straining upwards, yearning with extended neck for the air that he now needs so sorely. His hands cleave the water in strong, downward strokes; his form grows momentarily more distinct, until the fixed, tense expression of his staring face is plainly visible. Then the quiet surface of the sea splashes in a thousand drops of sun-steeped light, as his head tears through it, and his bursting lungs, expelling the imprisoned air, draw in the breath, for which they crave, in long, hard gasps. If the dive has been a deep one a little blood may be seen to trickle from nose and mouth and ears; at times even the eye-sockets ooze blood, in token of the fearful pressure to which the diver has been subjected. He brings with him, from the depths of the sea, two oyster-shells, never more and very rarely less, and when these have been secured, he is helped back into the boat, from which another diver is now lowering himself. These men can on occasions dive to the depth of twenty fathoms, one hundred and twenty feet; and though the strain kills them early, they are a cheery, devil-may-care set of ruffians till such time as their lungs and hearts give way.

The shells are the property of the

white man, for the divers dive for a wage, and it is the mother-of-pearl to which the European looks for his sure profit, the pearls themselves forming the plums which may or may not fall to his lot. My friend always opened his shells himself; and, indeed, it is a fascinating employment, when each closed bivalve may contain within it a treasure on the proceeds of which a man may live in comfort for the best half of a year. The Malay boatswain sometimes helped him, but his interest in the matter, being vicarious, was less keen.

The White Man and his schooner reached the oyster-bed in safety, and work was begun on the following morning, each of the divers making two trips to the bottom during the day. The shells were lying "as thick as mites in a cheese," my friends told me, and he got three fine pearls on the first day, which is more than any pearl-fisher living has a right to hope for. Therefore he turned into his bunk, and dreamed of great wealth and an honoured old age. He was just shaking hands warmly with Queen Victoria, to whom a moment earlier he had presented a necklace of pearls as big as plover's eggs, when he awoke to find the Malay boatswain standing over him.

"What thing ails thee?" asked the White Man in Malay.

"The order hath come to Abu," was the reply.

"When did he die?" asked the White Man, who understood the Malay idiom.

"I know not, *Tâan*,<sup>1</sup>" said the boatswain. "I found him lying face downwards on the deck a little abaft the mainmast. He died startled (suddenly) and no man was at hand to watch him at his death."

<sup>1</sup> *Tâan* is the word commonly used in addressing Europeans in the Malay Peninsula.

"Come, let us see," said the White Man, rolling off his bunk, and together they went to view the body by the light of a ship's lantern.

Abu lay dead, naked to the waist, with outstretched arms extended and the palms lying flat upon the deck. Half a dozen of the Sûlu boys stood in a frightened group at a little distance from him, talking together in low, uneasy whispers.

The White Man turned the body over on its back, and put his hand upon the dead man's breast. He noted that the face had been badly bruised by the boards of the deck, against which it had struck when Abu fell. Apparently the man, who in his lifetime had always appeared to be a strong, healthy fellow enough, had had a weak heart, and the diving had proved too great a strain for him. The White Man said so to the boatswain, but the latter did not seem to be convinced.

"Has the Tûan noted this?" he asked, turning the body over as he spoke, and pointing to a minute black stain on the skin below the left shoulder blade.

The White Man examined the spot carefully. "It is a birth mark," he said.

"Perhaps," said the boatswain doubtfully; "but in all the years that I have seen Abu stripped for the diving never have I remarked the said birth mark."

"Nor I," said the White Man; "but if it is not a birth mark, what then may it be?"

"God alone knows, Tûan," said the boatswain piously; "but I have heard tell of spirits who scar their victims, leaving such a mark as that we see."

The White Man was righteously indignant. He felt that he did well to be angry, for superstition is an unseemly thing, more especially when

it tends to prevent a man from working one of the best oyster-beds in the whole of the Malay Archipelago. The boatswain took all the hard things that the White Man said to him with the utmost composure; but it was not difficult to see that the Sûlu boys, who had stood listening to all that passed, felt that reason lay upon his side.

Diving was resumed on the morrow, but my friend noticed that some of the younger men failed to reach the bottom, apparently lacking the nerve required for the violent effort, while both old and young seemed to be somewhat sullen and uneasy. The White Man did not like these symptoms at all, for every wise pearl-fisher knows that much depends upon his divers being kept in good spirits. Accordingly when night had fallen, and after the evening rice had been devoured in silence, he did his best to rouse his people by organising a dance on the open space abaft the mainmast. Drums and gongs were produced, and the Sûlu boys thumped and clanged them vigorously, while one of their number blew the shrill *serunai*, whose note resembles that of a demented bagpipe. Then some stood up and danced nimbly, and all lifted up their voices in discordant song.

Men of the Malayan race are gifted with volatile natures, easily cast down and easily lifted up again; and soon the people on the deck of the schooner were singing and laughing, bandying jests, each man competing eagerly for his turn to rise up and dance. Their faces, with flashing eyes and teeth showing white through gums stained dark red with areca-nut, looked as merry and as happy in the flare of the ship's lanterns, as though death and the fear of death were thoughts to which they were utter strangers. The White Man heaved a sigh of relief, and shortly before midnight he stole away to his cabin, and set about the task

of opening the oyster-shells which had been taken during the day.

Suddenly a bewildering hubbub broke out upon the deck. The drums and gongs were silenced, and the sound of the serunai died away in one expiring wail. The lusty song ceased, and the noises which replaced it were yells and screams of fear, mingled with the pattering sound of naked feet scurrying along the deck. The White Man seized a pistol and rushed out of his cabin. He found the boatswain cowering against the bulwarks, his teeth chattering like castanets and his body bathed in a cold sweat. He was too spent with fear to do more than moan, but at last the White Man succeeded in shaking him into articulate speech.

"Behold!" said the boatswain, and with a hand that shook violently he pointed to an object a little abaft the mainmast. The White Man walked up to it, and found that it was the body of one of his people, a youngster named Intan. He lay quite dead in the same attitude as that in which Abu's body had lain upon the previous night, and on his back, a little below the left shoulder-blade, was a small, dark stain upon the skin.

The White Man picked up the body and carried it to his cabin, where he laid it gently down upon his bunk. In the bright light of the lamp he could see Intan's face clearly for the first time. The nose and forehead had been bruised and cut by the fall upon the deck, but the face still wore fixed upon it the expression which it had borne at the moment of death. The eyes were starting from their sockets, the mouth seemed open to scream, and the whole face told a tale of abject, masterless terror, fear such as it is given to few to experience and to fewer still to survive. The White Man tried to tell himself that Intan's heart had been rotten, and that death

was due to natural causes; but with that strange mark below the shoulder-blade before his eyes, he failed to convince even himself.

While he still stood pondering upon the mystery, the boatswain, and the *mandor*, or headman, of the Sulu divers, came to the cabin door and begged to have speech with him. They spoke in the name of all on board, and entreated the White Man to set sail that very night, and shape a course for the nearest land.

"This ship is the abode of devils," said the boatswain; "of evil spirits that war with man, and in the name of Allah we pray thee to depart from this place, and to abandon this woful ship. Behold, as we sat singing, but an hour ago, singing and dancing with our hearts at ease, of a sudden it was laid upon us to gaze upwards, and lo, we spied an aged man climbing out of the rigging of the mainmast. Out of the black darkness, above the reach of the lantern light, he came, climbing slowly, after the manner of the aged, and indeed he was far stricken in years. His hair was white as the plumage of the *pádi* crane, and his beard also was white and fell to his waist. His body from the belt upwards was naked and bare, and the skin was creased and wrinkled like the inner seed of a *dárian*. He was clad in a yellow waist-skirt looped about his middle, and his fighting-drawers were also yellow. It is the colour of the Spirits, as the Tüan knows. He had a long dagger, a *kris cherita*, of many tens of waves to its blade, and he carried it cross-wise in his mouth as he climbed. We who looked upon him were stricken with a great fear, so that we might not stir hand or foot, and presently he descended on to the deck. Then we fled screaming, but He of the Long Dagger pursued Intan, and smote him on the

back as he ran, so that he died. Thereafter the spirit swarmed back up the mast, and disappeared into the darkness. Many beheld this thing, Tâan; it is not the talk of a child; and we that saw the evil one cannot endure to dwell longer within this haunted ship."

The White Man did not know what to make of it, for he was not himself inclined to superstition. His influence with his people was great, and their faith in him was as the faith of little children in their parents. Therefore he made a pact with his crew, by which he promised to sail for the nearest land if anything untoward should happen on the following night, and he further promised to watch with them, and protect them from the spirit, should it again descend among them.

The crew were in a state of abject fear, but they at last agreed to accept the White Man's terms. No diving was done on the morrow, for the men had no heart for the effort, and though an attempt was made it was speedily abandoned as useless. Night found the crew huddled together on the deck, a little forward the mainmast, with the White Man sitting nearest to that dreaded spot. He tried to induce them to keep up their hearts by thumping the drums and gongs, as on the previous night; but the songs died down in the singers' throats, the *serûnai* wailed discordantly, then ceased, and as the hour of danger approached, a dead silence of fear fell upon the crowd of men, huddled one against another for the sake of company on the dimly lighted deck.

Shortly after midnight a tremor ran through the crew, and half a dozen men started to their feet. All were gazing upwards with craning necks to the rigging of the mainmast. The White Man could hear the sighing

of the wind through the cordage, the creaking of a rope against the mast, and the hard breathing of the frightened crew; but though he strained his eyes to peer eagerly through the darkness, nothing could he see. It made his flesh creep queerly, he told me, as he stood there, while the night wind sighed gently overhead and the little lazy ripple broke against the ship's side, to watch the frightened faces of the Malays, gazing with protruding eyes at something that he could not see, something in the rigging of the mainmast, whose descent towards the deck they seemed to watch.

"It is He of the Long Dagger!" whispered a voice behind that sounded harsh and strange. The White Man would never have recognised it as that of the boat-swain, had he not seen the man's lips moving. "Where, where?" he cried eagerly, glancing from one terrified face to another; but no one heeded him, all seeming spell-bound by the creeping, invisible thing they watched in agony. The harsh tones of the White Man's voice died down, and the little quiet noises of the night alone broke the stillness of the heavy air. The sea and the sky seemed alike to wait for a catastrophe, and the fear of death, and worse than death, lay heavy on the watchers.

Presently the awful silence was broken rudely by yells and screams, such sounds as the human voice alone can produce when men wax mad with panic. The groups behind the White Man broke like a herd of frightened deer, the Malays flying in every direction, shrieking their terror of some unseen pursuer.

And still the White Man could see nothing. He turned to watch his people in their flight, and as he did so a chill breath, such as often whispers over the surface of the

tropic sea during the quiet nighttime, seemed to fan his cheek and pass him by. As he watched, the headman of the divers, who was running up the deck, his breath coming in hard, short gasps, suddenly threw up his arms, his hands extended widely, and with a fearful yell fell prone upon the deck, his face striking the planks with a heavy, sickening thud. The White Man ran to him, and lifted him across his knee; but the headman was dead, and below the left shoulder-blade the strange, dark stain that the boatswain had called the scar of the Spirits was plainly to be seen.

Before dawn the schooner was under way, heading bravely for the nearest land. The Sûlu boys slunk about the deck, or sat huddled up against the bulwarks, talking together in scared whispers. The sun shone down brightly on the dancing waves, and the schooner leaped joyously through them to the song of the wind in the rigging and the ripple of the forefoot through the water; but Nature alone was gay and well pleased that day, for the schooner carried none but heavy hearts, and souls on which lay the fear of an awful dread.

Early in the afternoon land was sighted, and when the white trunks of the coconut-trees could be clearly distinguished below the dancing

palm-fronds, first one and then another of the Sûlu boys leaped upon the bulwarks and plunged headlong into the sea. The White Man could do naught to stay them, for they were mad with fear, so he stood despairingly gazing at the black heads bobbing on the waves as the swimmers made for the shore. Only the old Malay boatswain remained by his side, but even his fidelity could not look the prospect of another night spent aboard that devil's ship steadily in the face. The white man aiding, they made shift to lower a boat, and taking such articles of value as were capable of being removed, they too turned their faces shorewards.

During the night a wind from off the land sprang up, and carried the schooner away with it. By dawn she had vanished, and so far as I am aware, she has never been heard of since.

I have said that I cannot pretend to explain this story, nor do I know anything of the former history of the schooner, before the White Man chanced upon her at Krakatan. Perhaps, if we knew the whole of the facts, an explanation might be found; but, for the present, you must content yourselves with a fragment, as I have had to do.

HUGH CLIFFORD.

## THE SONG OF THE MOOR.

THIS is a story that I heard from the King of the Numidians, who with his tattered retinue encamps behind the peat-ricks. If you ask me where and when it happened I fear that I am scarce ready with an answer. But I will vouch my word for its truth; and if anyone seek further proof, let him go east the town and west the town and over the fields of Nomansland to the Long Moor; and if he find not the King there among the peat-ricks, and get not a courteous answer to his question, then times have changed in that part of the country, and he must continue the quest to His Majesty's castle in Spain.

Once upon a time, says the tale, there was a great godly man, a shepherd to trade, who lived in a cottage among the heather. If you looked east in the morning you saw miles of moor running wide to the flames of sunrise; and if you turned your eyes west in the evening, you saw a great confusion of dim peaks with the dying eye of the sun set in a crevice. If you looked north, too, in the afternoon, when the life of the day is near its end and the world grows wise, you might have seen a country of low hills and haughlands with many waters running sweet among meadows. But if you looked south in the dusty forenoon or at hot midday, you saw the far-off glimmer of a white road, the roofs of the ugly little clachan of Kilmaclavers, and the rigging of the fine new kirk of Threepeadidle.

It was a Sabbath afternoon in the hot weather, and the man had been to kirk all the morning. He had heard a grand sermon from the minister (or it may have been the priest, for I am

not sure of the date, and the King told the story quickly),—a fine discourse with fifteen heads and three parentheses. He held all the parentheses and fourteen of the heads in his memory, but he had forgotten the fifteenth; wherefore, for the purpose of recollecting it, and also for the sake of a walk, he went forth in the afternoon into the open heather. The air was mild and cheering, and with an even step he strolled over the turf and into the deep of the moor.

The whaups were crying everywhere, making the air hum like the twanging of a bow. *Poo-eelie, poo-eelie*, they cried, *kirlew, kirlew, whaup, wha-up*; and sometimes they would come so close about him, all but brushing him, that they fairly drove all settled thoughts from his head. Often had he been on the moors, but never had he seen such a stramash among the feathered clan. The wailing iteration vexed him, and he strove to scare the birds away with his arms; but they seemed to mock him and whistle in his very face, and at the flap of their wings his heart grew sore. He waved his great stick; he picked up bits of loose moor-rock and flung them wildly; but the godless crew paid never a grain of heed. The morning's sermon was still in his head, and the grave words of the minister still rattled in his ear, but he could get no comfort for this intolerable piping. At last his patience failed him and he swore unchristian words. "Deil rax the birds' thrapples!" he cried.

At this all the noise was hushed, and in a twinkling the moor was empty. Only one bird was left, standing on tall legs before him, with

its head bowed on its breast and its beak touching the heather.

Then the man repented his words and stared at the thing in the moss. "What bird are ye?" he asked crossly.

"I am a respectable whaup," said the bird, "and I kenna why ye have broken in on our family gathering. Once in a hundred years we foregather for decent conversation, and here we are interrupted by a muckle, sweerin' man."

Now the shepherd was a fellow of great sagacity, yet he never thought it a queer thing that he should be having talk in the mid-moss with a bird; to tell the plain truth, he had no mind on the matter. "What for were ye making siccar a din, then?" he asked. "D'ye no ken ye were disturbing the afternoon of the holy Sabbath?"

The bird lifted its eyes and regarded him solemnly. "The Sabbath is a day of rest and gladness," it said; "and is it no reasonable that we should enjoy the like?"

The shepherd shook his head, for the presumption staggered him. "Ye little ken what ye speak of," he replied. "The Sabbath is for them that have the chance of salvation, and it has been decreed that salvation is for Adam's race and no for the beasts that perish."

The whaup gave a whistle of scorn. "I have heard all that long ago. In my great-grandmother's time, which 'ill be a thousand years and mair s'ne, there came a people from the south with bright brass things on their heads and breasts, and terrible swords at their thighs. And with them were some lang-gowned men who kenned the stars, and would come out o' nights to talk to the deer and the corbies in their ain tongue. And one, I mind, foregathered with my great-grandmother and told her that the souls o'

men flitted in the end to braw meadows where the gods bide, or gaed down to the black pit which they ca' Hell. But the souls o' birds, he said, die wi' their bodies and that's the end o' them. Likewise in my mother's time, when there was a great abbey down yonder by the Threepdaidle Burn, which they called the House of Kilmaclavers, the auld monks would walk out in the evening to pick herbs for their distillings, and some were wise and kenned the ways of bird and beast. They would crack often o' nights with my ain family, and tell them that Christ had saved the souls o' men, but that birds and beasts were perishable as the dew o' heaven. And now ye have a black-gowned man in Threepdaidle who threeps on the same owercome. Ye may a' ken something o' your ain kitchen-midden, but certes ye ken little o' the world beyond it!"

Now this angered the man and he rebuked the bird. "These are great mysteries," he said, "which are no to be mentioned in the ears of an unsanctified creature. What can a thing like you wi' a lang neb and twae legs like stilts ken about the next world?"

"Well, weel," said the whaup, "we'll let the matter be. Everything to its ain trade, and I will not dispute with ye on metaphesies. But if ye ken something about the next world, ye ken terrible little about this."

Now this angered the man still more, for he was a shepherd reputed to have great skill in sheep and esteemed the nicest judge of hog and wether in all the countryside. "What ken ye about that?" he asked. "Ye may gang east to Yetholm, and west to Kells and no find a better herd."

"If sheep were a'," replied the bird, "ye might be right; but what o' the wide world and the folk in it? Ye are Simon Etterick o' the Lowe Moss. Do ye ken aucht o' your forbears?"

"My father was a God-fearing man

at the Kennel-head, and my grandfather and great-grandfather afore him. One o' our name, folk say, was shot at a dyke-back by the Black Westeraw."

"If that's a," said the bird, "ye ken little. Have ye never heard o' the little man, the fourth back from yoursel', who killed the Miller o' Bewcastle at the Lammas Fair? That was in my ain time, and from my mother I have heard o' the Covenanter, who got a bullet in his wame hunkering behind the divot-dyke and praying to his Maker. There were others o' your name rode in the Hermitage forays and burned Naworth and Warkworth and Castle Gay. I have heard o' an Etterick, Sim o' the Redcleuch, who cut the throat o' Jock Johnson in his ain house by the Annan side. And my grandmother had tales o' auld Ettericks who rade wi' Douglas and the Bruce and the ancient Kings o' Scots; and she used to tell o' others in her mother's time, terrible shock-headed men, hunting the deer and rinnin' on the high moors, and bidin' in the broken stane biggings on the hill-taps."

The shepherd stared, and he, too, saw the picture. He smelled the air of battle and lust and foray, and forgot the Sabbath.

"And you yoursel'," the bird went on, "are sair fallen off from the auld stock. Now ye sit and spell in books, and talk about what ye little understand, when your fathers were roaming the world. But little cause have I to speak, for I too am a downcome. My bill is two inches shorter than my mother's, and my grandmother was taller on her feet. The world is getting weaklier things to dwell in it, even since I mind mysel'."

"Ye have the gift of speech, bird," said the man, "and I would hear mair." You will perceive that he had no mind of the Sabbath day or

the fifteenth head of the forenoon's discourse.

"What things have I to tell ye when ye dinna ken the very horn-book o' knowledge? Besides I am no clatter-vengeance to tell stories in the middle o' the muir, when there are ears open high and low. There's others than me wi' mair experience and a better skill at telling. Our clan was well acquaint wi' the reivers and lifters o' the muirs, and could crack fine o' wars and the taking of cattle. But the blue hawk that lives in the corrie o' the Dreichill can speak o' kelpies and the dwarfs that bide in the hill. The heron, the lang solemn fellow, kens o' the green-wood fairies and the wood elfins; and the wild geese that squatter on the tap o' the Muneraw will croak to ye of the merrymaidens and the girls o' the pool. The wren,—he that hops in the grass below the birks—has the story of the lost Ladies of the Land, which is ower auld and sad for any but the wisest to hear; and there is a wee bird bides in the heather (hill-lintie men call him) who sings the Lay of the West Wind and the Glee of the Rowan Berries. But what am I talking of? What are these things to you, if ye have not first heard the Song of the Moor, which is the beginning and end o' all things."

"I have heard no songs," said the man, "save the sacred psalms o' God's kirk."

"Bonny sangs!" mocked the bird. "Once I flew by the hinder end o' the kirk and I keekit in. A wheen auld wives wi' mutches and a wheen solemn men wi' hoasts! Be sure the Song of the Moor is no like yon."

"Can ye sing it, bird?" said the man; "for I am keen to hear it."

"Me sing," cried the bird, "me that has a voice like a craw! Na, na, I canna sing it; but maybe I can take ye where ye may hear it. When

I was young an auld bog-blitter did the same to me, and sae began my education. But are ye willing and brawly willing, for if ye get but a sough of it ye will never mair have an ear for other music?"

"I am willing and brawly willing," said the man.

"Then meet me at the Gled's Cleuch Head at the sun's setting," said the bird, and away it flew.

Now it seemed to the man that in a twinkling it was sunset, and he found himself at the Gled's Cleuch Head with the bird flapping in the heather before him. The place was a long rift in the hill, made green with juniper and hazel, where it was said True Thomas came to drink the water.

"Turn ye to the west," said the whaup, "and let the sun fall on your face. Then turn ye five times round about, and say after me the Rune of the Heather and the Dew." And before he knew the man did as he was told, and found himself speaking strange words, while his head hummed and danced as if in a fever.

"Now lay ye down and put your ear to the earth," said the bird, and the man did so. Instantly a cloud came over his brain, and he did not feel the ground on which he lay or the keen hill-air which blew about him. He felt himself falling deep into an abyss of space, then suddenly caught up and set among the stars of heaven. Then slowly from the stillness there welled forth music, drop by drop like the clear falling of rain, and the man shuddered, for he knew that he heard the beginning of the Song of the Moor.

High rose the air and trembled among the tallest pines and the summits of great hills. And in it were the sting of rain and the blatter of hail, the soft crush of snow and the rattle of thunder among the crags.

Then it quieted to the low sultry croon which told of blazing midday when the streams are parched and the bent crackles like dry tinder. Anon it was evening, and the melody dwelled among the high soft notes which mean the coming of dark and the green light of sunset. Then the whole changed to a great pæan which rang like an organ through the earth. There were trumpet-notes in it and flute-notes and the plaint of pipes.

"Come forth," it cried, "the sky is wide and it is a far cry to the world's end! The fire crackles fine o' nights below the firs and the smell of roasting meat and wood-smoke is dear to the heart of man. Fine, too, is the sting of salt and the risp of the north-wind in the sheets. Come forth, one and all, to the great lands oversea and the strange tongues and the fremit peoples! Learn before you die to follow the Piper's son, and though your old bones bleach among grey rocks, what matter, if you have had your bellyful of life and come to the land of Heart's Desire?" And then the tune fell low and witching, bringing tears to the eyes and joy to the heart; and the man knew (though no one told him) that this was the first part of the Moor-Song, the Song of the Open Road, the Lilt of the Adventurer, which shall be now and ever and to the end of days.

Then the melody changed to a fiercer and sadder note. He saw his forefathers, gaunt men and terrible, run stark among woody hills. He heard the talk of the bronze-clad invader, and the jar and clangour as flint met steel. Then rose the last coronach of his own people, hiding in wild glens, starving in corries, or going hopelessly to the death. He heard the cry of Border foray, the shouts of the poor Scots as they harried Cumberland, and he himself rode in the midst of them. Then the tune

fell more mournful and slow, and Flodden lay before him. He saw the flower of the Scots gentry around their king, gashed to the breast-bone, still fronting the lines of the South, though the paleness of death sat on each forehead. "The Flowers of the Forest are gone," cried the lilt, and through the long years he heard the cry of the lost, the desperate, fighting for kings over the water and princes in the heather. "Who cares?" cried the air. "Man must die, and how can he die better than in the stress of fight with his heart high and alien blood on his sword? Heigh-ho! One against twenty, a child against a host, this is the romance of life." And the man's heart swelled, for he knew (though no one told him) that this was the Song of Lost Battles, which only the great can sing before they die.

But the tune was changing, and at the change the man shivered, for the air ran up to the high notes and then down to the deeps with an eldrich cry, like a hawk's scream at night or a witch's song in the gloaming. It told of those who seek and never find, the quest that knows no fulfilment. "There is a road," it cried, "which leads to the moon and the great waters. No change-house cheers it, and it has no end; but it is a fine road, a braw road—who will follow it?" And the man knew (though no one told him) that this was the Ballad of Grey Weather, which makes him who hears it sick all the days of his life for something which he cannot name. It is the song which the birds sing on the moor in the autumn nights, and the old crow on the tree-top hears and flaps his wing. It is the lilt which old men and women hear in the darkening of their days, and sigh for the unforgettable; and love-sick girls get catches of it and play pranks with

their lovers. It is a song so old that Adam heard it in the Garden before Eve came to comfort him, so young that from it still flows the whole joy and sorrow of earth.

Then it ceased, and all of a sudden the man was rubbing his eyes on the hillside, and watching the falling dusk. "I have heard the Song of the Moor," he said to himself, and he walked home in a daze. The whaups were crying, but none came near him, though he looked hard for the bird that had spoken with him. It may be that it was there and he did not know it, or it may be that the whole thing was only a dream; but of this I cannot say.

The next morning the man rose and went to the manse.

"I am glad to see you, Simon," said the minister, "for it will soon be the Communion season, and it is your duty to go round with the tokens."

"True," said the man, "but it was another thing I came to talk about," and he told him the whole tale.

"There are but two ways of it, Simon," said the minister. "Either ye are the victim of witchcraft or ye are a self-deluded man. If the former (whilk I am loth to believe), then it behoves ye to watch and pray lest ye enter into temptation. If the latter, then ye maun put a strict watch over a vagrom fancy, and ye'll be quit o' siccan whigmaleeries."

Now Simon was not listening but staring out of the window. "There was another thing I had it in my mind to say," said he. "I have come to lift my lines, for I am thinking of leaving the place."

"And where would ye go?" asked the minister aghast.

"I was thinking of going to Carlisle and trying my luck as a dealer, or maybe pushing on with droves to the South."

"But that's a cauld country where there are no faithfu' ministrations," said the minister.

"Maybe so, but I am not caring very muckle about ministrations," said the man, and the other looked after him in horror.

When he left the manse he went to a wise woman, who lived on the left side of the kirkyard above Threepdaidle burn-foot. She was very old and sat by the ingle day and night waiting upon death. To her he told the same tale.

She listened gravely, nodding with her head. "Ach," she said, "I have heard a like story before. And where will you be going?"

"I am going south to Carlisle to try the dealing and droving," said the man, "for I have some skill of sheep."

"And will ye bide there?" she asked.

"Maybe aye, and maybe no," he said. "I had half a mind to push on to the big town or even to the abroad. A man must try his fortune."

"That is the way of men," said the old wife. "I, too, have heard the Song of the Moor, and many women, who now sit decently spinning in Kilmaclavers, have heard it. But a woman may hear it and lay it up in her soul and bide at hame, while a man, if he get but a glisk of it in his fool's heart, must needs up and awa' to the world's end on some daft-like

ploy. But gang your ways and fare ye weel. My cousin Francis heard it, and he went north wi' a white cockade in his bonnet and a sword at his side, singing 'Charlie's come hame.' And Tam Crichtoun o' the Bourhopehead got a sough o' it one simmer's morning, and the last we heard o' Tam he was killed among the Frenchmen fechtin' like a fair deil. Once I heard a tinkler play a sprig of it on the pipes, and a' the lads were wud to follow him. Gang your ways, for I am near the end of mine." And the old wife shook with her coughing.

So the man put up his belongings in a pack on his back and went whistling down the Great South Road.

Whether or not this tale have a moral it is not for me to say. The King (who told it me) said that it had, and quoted a scrap of Latin, for he had been at Oxford in his youth before he fell heir to his kingdom. "One may hear tunes from the Song of the Moor," said he, "in the thick of a storm on the scarp of a rough hill, in the low June weather, or in the sunset silence of a winter's night. But let none," he added, "pray to have the full music, for it will make him who hears it a footsore traveller in the ways o' the world and a masterless man till death."

JOHN BUCHAN.

## THE PROBLEM OF THE KANGAROO.

AUSTRALIA has been variously described by poets and travellers as the Land of the Golden Wattle, the Land of the Giant Gum, and the Land of the Kangaroo. Although some marsupials are not unknown in other lands, and the wattle (*genus acacia*) is present under other names all over the world, while the eucalyptus has carried its healing powers to many places, yet all three titles fairly symbolize Australia. It is not, however, with the natural history of our national marsupial that my problem is concerned. Primitive zoologists may have classified him as a gigantic jerboa, a rat-tailed deer, or a magnified hare, according to their several ingenious fancies; the bushman is welcome to his original views on the manner of the animal's birth; these things have been settled with sufficient finality by the authorities at Regent's Park and by the British Museum. My problem lies on other lines, where these high authorities give no help. There was once a Berlin Professor who lectured on classics, but loved to indulge in diatribes on matters theological, ever pulling himself up with "*Aber* [and what force can be put into the German *aber*!] *ich bin Philolog, kein Theolog.*" So I too am a philologist not a biologist, for my study is of words, and the word *kangaroo*, the most notable Australian word that has entered the English language, is as to its origin somewhat shrouded in mystery.

Over a century and a quarter ago the first specimen of the animal was brought to England by Joseph Banks, who was then naturalist on board Captain Cook's ship the *Endeavour*. He stated that it "was called by the

natives *kangooroo*," and with a slight variation in spelling, the word has settled down into English as *kangaroo*. It has been adopted into other tongues, and is the name by which, ever since, the animal has been known to white men. When first introduced it was spelt and correctly pronounced *kangooroo*, and its French forms *kangourou* and *kanguroo*, with the German *känguruh*, still retain this original phonetic accuracy. The puzzle is that no aboriginal Australian vocabulary now contains that name. When, nearly twenty years after Cook's visit, the first fleet sailed for Botany Bay, and Captain Phillip settled at Sydney Cove on the beautiful shores of Port Jackson, the name was there unknown for the animal. In his ACCOUNT OF THE SETTLEMENT AT PORT JACKSON (1789) Captain Watkin Tench writes: "*Kanguroo* was a name unknown to them [i.e., the aborigines of Port Jackson] for any animal, until we introduced it. When I showed Colbee [an aboriginal] the cows brought out by us in the Gorgon, he asked me if they were kangaroos." Colbee actually thought *kangaroo* an ordinary English word, and did not know what animal it denoted. Again, when a little later Captain King, R.N., visited the Endeavour River, the very place where forty years before him the name had been obtained, he found the word was not in use. In various parts of Australia different species of the animal still go by divers names among the aborigines, but, except when adopted from the white man, never by the name of *kangaroo*. Was Banks then mistaken in the word, or did the name die out among the aborigines between the

date of his visit and the first settlement of Australia?

Before answering either question let us trace the exact circumstances under which the name was first obtained. The animal had been seen by white men earlier, though no name had been given to it. In the year 1699 William Dampier, Captain in the Royal Navy (and, it must be added, buccaneer), made a voyage along the north-western coast of New Holland, as Australia was then called; and he afterwards published,<sup>1</sup> in 1703, some interesting information on the natural history of the country, including the earliest description, though without any name, of an animal seen by him: "A sort of raccoons, different from those of the West Indies, chiefly as to their legs; for these have very short fore-legs; but go jumping upon them [not upon the short fore, but the long hind-legs, it is to be presumed] as the others do; and like them are very good meat." From Dampier's description this is unmistakably a species of what we now call the kangaroo.

Nearly seventy years later (August 25th, 1768) Lieutenant James Cook, R.N., sailed out of Plymouth Harbour in command of a little bark of three hundred and seventy tons, which had been specially purchased for his expedition and registered on the list of the Royal Navy by the name of the *Endeavour*. The immediate purpose of the voyage was "to go to the southward of the equinoctial line to observe the transit of Venus over the sun's disc," for which purpose an astronomer, Mr. Charles Green, was on board. But Cook and those with him had views beyond this. They proposed to explore the unknown

lands of the Southern Seas, and among the ninety-five souls on board the little bark were the two naturalists, whom Linnaeus styles "the immortal Banks and Solander."

Joseph Banks was then a young man of twenty-five. He had been educated first at Harrow and then at Eton, and was a gentleman-commoner of Christ Church. He was gifted with a large and noble mind, and a liberal desire for extending the bounds of knowledge. From his youth upwards he had a passion for botany, gaining his earliest knowledge of it from the old women who culled simples round Eton. Finding no teacher of botany at Oxford, he brought one over from Cambridge, and secured a class for him. Fortunately he enjoyed an independent income of £10,000, on which, and with money borrowed in addition, he had fitted up on the *Endeavour*, entirely at his own expense, a floating herbarium, laboratory, museum, and library, and had engaged as his own private staff Dr. Daniel Carl Solander, a pupil of the great Linnaeus, three artists (Reynolds, Buchan and Sydney Parkinson), one assistant and four servants, two of them persons of colour. The subsequent result was perhaps the most interesting to science that the world has known. From the days of the Argonauts but one voyage can rank in importance with that of the *Endeavour*,—the voyage of Christopher Columbus.

After many wanderings, not to be followed here, the *Endeavour*, coming from New Zealand, sighted the coast of Australia at Cape Howe, and turned north. Anchor was cast for the first time on Australian shores on the 28th of April, 1770, in a harbour christened by Cook Stingray Harbour, a name which he almost immediately changed into Botany Bay. Here the ship lay a week, men and officers

<sup>1</sup> A COLLECTION OF VOYAGES; in four volumes. London, 1729, vol. iii., 85. The words in parenthesis are the comment of Matthew Flinders.

going frequently ashore, but seeing no kangaroos, though on the 1st of May Banks must have come upon the tracks of one, for he notes in his diary: "We saw also the dung of a large animal that fed on grass, much resembling that of a deer." On the 3rd of May he writes: "Our collection of plants was now grown so immensely large that it was necessary that some extraordinary care should be taken of them." This circumstance was the source of the later name of Botany Bay.

On the 6th of May the Endeavour again weighed anchor and coasted northwards along the eastern shore. On the 10th of June unfortunately she stuck fast on a coral rock of the Great Barrier Reef off the north-east coast of what is now Queensland. By great exertions, however, she was saved from total loss, and seven days afterwards was successfully moored by Cook a little way up the narrow inlet named by him Endeavour River, at the spot where Cooktown now stands. Here on the next day, June 18th, 1770, Cook beached his ship, built a stage from the deck to the land, got out all his stores, and then careened and overhauled her. Here she lay till she sailed again on the 10th of August. During those seven weeks and more Banks and Solander explored and botanised, and the first kangaroo was seen and shot. The successive stages in the discovery of the animal and of its name are best marked by the following extracts from Banks's recently published Journal.<sup>1</sup>

June 22nd, 1770.—The people who were sent to the other side of the water

to shoot pigeons, saw an animal as large as a greyhound, of a mouse colour, and very swift.

June 25th.—In gathering plants to-day I had the good fortune to see the beast so much talked of, though but imperfectly; he was not only like a greyhound in size and running, but had a tail as long as any greyhound's; what to liken him to I could not tell, nothing that I have seen at all resembles him.

July 6th.—We saw three of the animals of the country, but could not get one.

July 7th.—With its first dawn we set out in search of game. We walked many miles over the flats and saw four of the animals, two of which my greyhound fairly chased; but they beat him owing to the length and thickness of the grass, which prevented him from running, while they at every bound leaped over the tops of it. We observed, much to our surprise, that instead of going upon all fours, this animal went only upon two legs, making vast bounds just as the jerboa (*Mus jaculus*) does.

July 14th.—Our second lieutenant had the good fortune to kill the animal that had so long been the subject of our speculations. To compare it to any European animal would be impossible, as it has not the least resemblance to any one I have seen. Its fore-legs are extremely short, and of no use to it in walking; its hind again as disproportionally long; with these it hops seven or eight feet at a time, in the same manner as the jerboa, to which animal indeed it bears much resemblance, except in size, this being in weight 38 lbs., and the jerboa no larger than a common rat.

July 15th.—The beast which was killed yesterday was to-day dressed for our dinner and proved excellent meat.

July 22nd.—They [three Indians] had hanging on a tree by them, he said, a quarter of the wild animal, and a cockatoo.

July 27th.—This day was dedicated to hunting the wild animal. We saw several and had the good fortune to kill a very large one weighing 84 lbs.

It will be noted that up to this date no name has been assigned to the animal. He is "as large as a greyhound," "the beast so much talked of," "the animal of the country," "the animal that has so long been the subject of our speculations," but nowhere

<sup>1</sup> JOURNAL OF THE RIGHT HON. SIR JOSEPH BANKS, DURING CAPTAIN COOK'S FIRST VOYAGE IN H.M.S. ENDEAVOUR IN 1768-71 TO TERRA DEL FUEGO, OTAHITE, NEW ZEALAND, AUSTRALIA, THE DUTCH EAST INDIES, &c.; edited by Sir Joseph D. Hooker. London, 1896.

"the kangaroo." This ignorance of the name is confirmed by the collateral entries in five or six other diaries kept by officers and men on the ship, as well as by Captain Cook's Logs, all of which have been published in Sydney in the Historical Records of New South Wales.<sup>1</sup> On the dates corresponding with those of Banks the expressions in these diaries are similarly vague; on July 14th, Captain Cook's official log runs, "This day an animal was shot, weight about 28 lb. gross;" and on the 27th, "Mr. Gore shot a beast, weight 80lb." Cook's Logs make no other mention of the animal; nor is any attempt at naming it to be found in any other of the published journals.

It is thus clear that up to the last-mentioned entry in Banks's Journal on the 29th of July, when the second beast was killed the name of *kangaroo* was unknown to any white man. On the next day, July 28th, Banks writes: "Botanising with no kind of success, the plants were now entirely completed, and nothing new to be found, so that sailing is all we wish for, if the wind would but allow us." But the wind did not allow them until August 10th, and in that twelve days' interval there was time to look about, to investigate native names, and make comparison of note-books, as a subsequent entry on the 27th of August shows. On the seventh day of that interval they found the animal's name.

Besides the official Log of the Endeavour and his own private Log, Captain Cook kept a Journal, devoted, not to seamanship or formal record, but to desultory observation of things in general. In that Journal, under date August 4th, 1770, appears this passage: "The animals which I have before mentioned, called by the natives Kangooroo or Kanguru." This pas-

sage is the first place where the name of the kangaroo was written by an English or by any other pen. Nobody knows who actually obtained it from the natives. It might have been the great commander himself, it might have been his crack marksman, Lieutenant Gore, who shot both the beasts; or it might have been that most accurate observer and faithful reporter, Mr. Banks. What is more probable, as subsequently appears, is that the name was obtained independently by several observers and reduced, as navigators say, to the corrected final result. To determine this point let us go back to Banks and his Journal.

The ship left Endeavour River on the 10th of August. On the 26th she got finally clear of the Australian coast, and on that day Banks settled down to put the previous notes in his Journal into the form of a complete essay on the result of her stay in the country. Under date August 26th, he writes as follows:

Having now, I believe fairly passed through between New Holland and New Guinea . . . it seems high time to take leave of New Holland, which I shall do by summing up the few observations I have been able to make on the country and people . . . Quadrupeds we saw but few, and were able to catch but few of those we did see. The largest was called by the natives *kangooroo*; it is different from any European, and, indeed, any animal I have heard or read of, except the jerboa of Egypt, which is not larger than a rat, while this is as large as a middling lamb. The largest we shot weighed 84 lbs. It may, however, be easily known from all other animals by the singular property of running, or rather hopping, upon only its hinder legs, carrying its fore-feet close to its breast. In this manner it hops so fast that in the rocky bad ground where it is commonly found, it easily beat my greyhound, who, though he was fairly started at several, killed only one, and that quite a young one. . . .

We guessed that the fires . . . by which we could constantly trace the

<sup>1</sup> Vol. i., part 1, 1893.

passage of Indians who went from us in Endeavour's river up into the country, were intended in some way or other for taking the animal called by them kangooroo, which we found to be so much afraid of fire that we could hardly force it with our dogs to go over places newly burnt.

Here for the first time Banks at last abandons all the vague circumlocutions of his earlier entries and calls his former "wild animal of the country" by its newly discovered name, the *kangooroo*. There would be no word more to say on the matter, were it not for the puzzle set out at the beginning of this article, namely, that the word in its present form has left no trace of its existence among any native Australian tribe.

One proposed solution of the puzzle is that the name disappeared after Banks left. Unlikely as this may at first sight appear to people in Europe, it is nevertheless an ascertained fact that when an aboriginal Australian dies, bearing the name of any common object (and such object-names are as common as are the parallel European surnames, Mr. Wood, Mr. Stone, Mr. Roach, Mr. Bull, &c.), the rest of his tribe taboo the word, and substitute another for the object; the word, in fact, dies with the man who bore it for his name. An amusing instance of this peculiarity is given by Messrs. Howitt and Fison in the following passage (p. 249) from their book on KAMILAROI AND KURNAI GROUP. The word *nobbler*, it should be explained, is one of the Australian white man's cant words for a drink. "When cruising about . . . with a crew of Kurnai . . . I heard two of my men discussing where we could camp, and one, on mentioning a place, said, speaking his own language, that there was a '*le-en* (good) nobbler.' I said, 'There is no nobbler there.' He then said in English, 'Oh! I meant water.' On inquiry I learned that

a man named Yan (water) had died shortly before, and that not liking to use that word, they had to invent a new one." If therefore, after Cook's visit, some man called Kangaroo died, the whole tribe would expunge the word from its vocabulary.

The other solution, that Banks made a mistake, is the ordinary theory of the Australian bush, and it has been widely accepted. Several times it has figured in print, and it has entered into at least one Dictionary, that of Messrs. Funk and Wagnall of New York. The mistake has been suggested in two forms, the commonest being that the word *kangooroo*, given in answer to Banks's inquiry, meant "I don't understand." To this there are two replies: how is it that in the native names he did obtain for dozens of other natural objects his inquiry always was understood? For if it were not, and if *kangooroo* meant "I don't understand," then he would have got the word so often as a reply that he would very soon have discovered it to be no name at all. Moreover at least some proof is needed, some actual word or words of the aboriginal tongue the sound of which, being like the word *kangooroo*, could be twisted into the meaning "I don't understand." To find those words and to hear their true sound would test how near the explanation hits the mark; but they have not been found.

The other suggested form of the mistake is, that the word *kangaroo* meant, in the tribal language, "big-toe," that Banks during his inquiry was holding the animal by its hind foot and got the name of the big-toe, instead of the name of the animal, the natives believing that the inquiry referred only to that part of the animal. It has even been asserted that the natives of the Endeavour River still use the word *kangaroo* for the big-toe. Such a theory does not do justice to

the scientific care and accuracy of a man like Banks. In the language of the mathematician it could be no term or factor in such an observer's personal equation. Indeed the theorist may learn from Banks himself that, with scientific instinct, he had foreseen such chance of inadvertent error and had consequently provided against it, only transcribing such native words as he and his companions were "morally certain not to be mistaken in." On this point he writes in that same essay of the 26th of August in his *Journal* :

Of their language I can say very little; our acquaintance with them was of so short a duration that none of us attempted to use a single word of it to them, consequently words could be learned in no other manner than by signs, inquiring of them what in their language signified such a thing, a method obnoxious as leading to many mistakes. For instance a man holds in his hand a stone and asks the name of it, the Indian [the early explorers called all native races Indians] may return him for answer either the real name of a stone, or one of the properties of it, as hardness, roughness, smoothness, &c., or one of its uses, or the name peculiar to some particular species of stone, which name the inquirer immediately sets down as that of a stone. To avoid, however, as much as possible this inconvenience, myself and two or three others got from them as many words as we could, and having noted down those which we thought from circumstances we were not mistaken in, we compared our lists; those in which all agreed, or rather were contradicted by none, we thought ourselves morally certain not to be mistaken in.

From this it is quite evident that more than one person obtained the name of kangaroo for the animal before Banks and Cook entered it in their *Journals*, that they could not all of them on every occasion have been holding the animal by the big-toe, and that several accurate observers were unanimous before they finally adopted

the native name. The theory of a mistake falls to the ground. The explanation that the word afterwards dropped out of use by taboo is probable. But the conclusion that the natives of the Endeavour River did call the animal the kangaroo, and that Banks and Cook did truly so report it, is inevitable.

That Banks made no mistake seems thus assured on intrinsic evidence. But Mr. De Vis, of the Brisbane Museum, in his paper before the Geographical Society at Brisbane (1894), says that "in point of fact the word 'kangaroo' is the normal equivalent for kangaroo at the Endeavour River; and not only so, it is almost the type-form of a group of variations in use over a large part of Australia." It is curiously hard to procure satisfactory evidence on the first point, namely, that the word returned to use among the Cooktown natives. Mr. De Vis wrote to me that his statement was "made on the authority of a private letter"; but another correspondent from Cooktown, on the other hand, assured me that if the natives use the word, they have taken it from the English; and the natives, it is known, often do this sort of thing. I wrote to both the Cooktown newspapers, but without result. Mr. De Vis's second argument, as to the type-form, seems much stronger. A spoken language, unwritten, unprinted, must inevitably change, and change rapidly. A word current in 1770 would change rather than disappear, and the root consonants would remain. Now the letters "ng" together, followed by "r," occur in the proportion of one in thirteen among the nearly two hundred names for the animal tabulated by Curr in his book on the Australian Native Races.

There is also evidence of the early use of the word among aborigines far distant from the Endeavour River.

Surgeon Anderson, who accompanied Cook on his second voyage, writes: "However we must have a far more intimate acquaintance with the languages spoken here [Van Diemen's Land] and in the more northern parts of New Holland, before we can pronounce that they are totally different; nay, we have good ground for the opposite opinion; for we found that the animal called *kangaroo* at Endeavour River was known under the same name here."<sup>1</sup> And again, as late as 1835, T. B. Wilson gives evidence of its use in Western Australia: "They [natives of the Darling Range, in West Australia] distinctly pronounced *kangaroo* without having heard any of us utter that sound; they also called it *waroo*, but whether they distinguished *kangaroo* (so called by us, and also by them) from the smaller kind named *wallabi*, and by them *waroo*, we could not form any just conclusion."<sup>2</sup>

The subsequent first appearances of the word in print are not necessary for the solution of the problem, but they are of interest in the connection. The word was first printed in 1773 in the book brought out by the relatives of Banks's draughtsman, Sydney Parkinson, who had died on the homeward voyage of the Endeavour. On page 149 occur the words "*Kangooroo*, the leaping quadruped," and a description is given at page 145. The object of Parkinson's book was to anticipate the publication of the official account of Cook's Voyage by Dr. Hawkesworth, which appeared later in the same year. Hawkesworth wove his book from four strands,—Cook's Journal, and the diaries or journals of the two naturalists, Banks and Solander,

to which he added a fourth, his own Johnsonian pomposity. Cook's Journal was not published till 1893, when it was edited by Captain Wharton, the Hydrographer to the Admiralty. Banks's Journal was published last year, admirably edited by the veteran Sir Joseph Hooker. Solander's Journal has never been printed.

The second occurrence of the name *kangaroo* in print occurs in Hawkesworth's book, vol. iii., p. 577. Under date July 14th, 1790, Hawkesworth records that "Mr. Gore who went out this day with his gun, had the good fortune to kill one of the animals," and then follows a long and accurate description of it, concluding with the words, "This animal is called by the natives *kanguroo*." With a few embroidered additions Hawkesworth's account is taken direct from the passages already quoted from Banks's Journal with statistics from Cook. In some cases the phrases are copied *verbatim*; but that which makes it certain that the original source was Banks's Journal is that Hawkesworth gives the weight of the animal as 38 lbs., while Cook and the other diarists all enter it as 28 lb. or 28 lb. gross. Hawkesworth also refers his readers to a cut of the animal, which cut was no doubt taken from the sketch by one of Mr. Banks's three draughtsmen.

The third appearance of the name in print is in the following year, in Oliver Goldsmith's posthumously published *ANIMATED NATURE*, where in the seventh book, in his chapter on "The Gerbua," he adds a detailed description of the animal "first discovered and described by Mr. Banks, who," he says, "calls it the *kanguroo*." Here we learn for the first time, what we might have certainly guessed, that the skin of the first beast shot by Mr. Gore on the 14th of July, 1770, was stuffed and brought home by Banks, who tells us

<sup>1</sup> Quoted by W. Eden in *THE HISTORY OF NEW HOLLAND*, p. 71 (Second Edition), 1787.

<sup>2</sup> *NARRATIVE OF A VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD, &c.*, p. 212.

they ate the animal for dinner. Living on salt junk they would not of course waste any chance of such "excellent meat"; nor would Banks, as a naturalist, waste the most curious and novel specimen of his whole voyage; he saved the skin and with it, as is usual, the skull with its teeth in it for the purpose of accurate stuffing. Goldsmith's account, like Hawkesworth's, is chiefly derived from Banks's notes. Like Hawkesworth he takes Banks's figures, and puts the weight of the larger specimen at 84 lb., as Banks alone did; all the other diarists put it at 80 lb.

In both descriptions every detail not in the original *Journal* of Banks is evidently derived from the specimen available both to Hawkesworth and to Goldsmith, — the measurements, the shape of the tail and ears, and all such minutiae, with the single exception of the remarks on the lower jaw, which, says Goldsmith, "as the ingenious discoverer supposes, is divided into two parts which open and shut like a pair of scissors, and cut grass, probably this animal's principal food." That single remark points to a description by Mr. Banks which is not to be found in print nor in manuscript, nor is there, so far as I can ascertain, any record of it. It is reasonable to assume that this description had been given in conversation.

Goldsmith was frequently, at that time almost constantly, in the company of Johnson. The London literary world was then very small, and its members very closely and familiarly associated. Boswell records an evening's conversation of the Doctor with Banks and Solander, though he does not give its matter. It was on the 26th of February, 1772, eight months after the *Endeavour* had returned. On the next day Johnson wrote to Sir Joshua Reynolds, enclosing a letter for Banks:—"I return thanks

to you and Dr. Solander for the pleasure which I received in yesterday's conversation. I could not recollect a motto for your Goat, but have given her one. You, Sir, may perhaps have an epic poem from some happier pen than, Sir, your most humble servant, Sam. Johnson." Now this same remarkable goat had been twice round the world. There is a letter extant from a gentleman who made the voyage in the *Endeavour* which says: "Before I conclude I must not omit how highly we have been indebted to a milch goat. She was three years in the West Indies, and was once round the world before in the *Dolphin* and never went dry the whole time. We mean to reward her services in a good English pasture for life."<sup>1</sup> That Banks repeated these details and intentions to Johnson is evident from the Doctor's motto:

*Perpetua ambita bis terrâ prœmia lactis  
Hæc habet altrici Capra secunda Jovis.*

The incident shows the nature of the conversation. The enclosing of the letter in the first place to Sir Joshua Reynolds, with the request, "Be pleased to send to Mr. Banks, whose place of residence I do not know, this note, which I have sent open, that, if you please, you may read it," leaves no room to doubt that the great Sir Joshua himself introduced Johnson to Banks and Solander, and that the conversation took place at Sir Joshua's house with the two naturalists as fellow-guests. We can picture the scene. The old Doctor reverential, courteous, attentive, absorbed, seeking information at every point from these two bronzed and learned young men, the sum of whose ages about equalled his own; the great painter marking their

<sup>1</sup>From the GENERAL EVENING POST, quoted in HISTORICAL RECORDS OF NEW SOUTH WALES; vol. i., pt. 1, p. 491.

striking personal appearance, sending round the bottle, taking snuff, and shifting his trumpet from one to the other as each took up the thread of their remarkable story,—talking perhaps little of science, but recounting all the adventurous and picturesque tales of their unique experience on the little bark, down even to their pet goat, which,

Deserving both her master's care and love,  
Ease and perpetual pasture now has found.

Is it credible to suppose that in such a tale the eager Banks would have omitted his most exceptional discovery of all,—the "wild animal of the country," his *kangaroo*? Is it likely that he would omit his sup-

position as to its habits of feeding, or any other detail? Is it likely that Dr. Johnson resisted the impulse to retail his new-found knowledge to his literary friends, or that Goldsmith was never among the number of his listeners, if, indeed, he were not present at that very dinner? Nothing seems more probable than that Goldsmith obtained the extra details of his description in some such convivial conversation.

But this speculation, however collaterally interesting, is not necessary for the etymology of the word. That, as I have shown, is sufficiently decided by the manuscript evidence, which, by most reasonable beings, will probably be held to have solved the Problem of the Kangaroo.

EDWARD E. MORRIS.

## A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

BY MRS. FRASER.

## CHAPTER IX.

THE Harcourt girls were those neighbours of the Marstons who had furnished Mrs. Barton with some useful information about Kitty. They were a little older than she was, and one of the sisters had overstepped the vague limit of very early youth some time before. Her name was Cissy, and she was musical, with a plain, clever face and a pleasant voice. Her younger sister, Madge, had grown up to consider herself a beauty by contrast with Cissy. She was small, with rather a fiercely bright complexion, light hair and eyes, and a painfully flippant manner. Of course they had been asked to amuse Mr. Surtees, and Madge undertook the task at once, while Kitty and Cissy tried to be nice to each other till lunch was announced.

"You have come just in time for the dances," said Madge to the weary Londoner, expecting him to look delighted and secure the pleasure of half a dozen waltzes at once.

"Oh, have I?" replied Harry, languidly, his eyes on Kitty. "I would have waited a little if I had known that."

"Don't say you never dance," exclaimed Madge; "another man is such a godsend in this part of the world."

Harry looked at her. "I don't say *never*," he remarked; and then, turning away, continued coolly, "it all depends,—who's there, don't you know?" He did not mind being a little insolent sometimes, when there would be nothing to pay for it.

"Is Mr. Jamieson coming to-day?"

the elder Miss Harcourt was asking of Kitty.

"No," said Kitty, with a little hesitation. "Why?"

"Oh, only that I like him," said Cissy in her high, cheery voice. "He is so jolly and kind always,—not a bit sniffy and conceited like the men who come down from town, as they call it. He sent me a lot of cuttings the other day, and I wanted to thank him." Miss Harcourt had a sharp tongue and knew when to use it,—a rare combination.

"I think he has gone to Torquay," said Kitty, feeling that she ought to be pleased with this praise of her friend and yet resenting it a little. He was not everybody's property to be discussed by strangers.

Harry was cross, and showed it, because at lunch he could not sit beside Kitty, and his remarks to Lady Marston and Madge were short and sour. He also tasted two dishes and laid his fork down at once, an insult which no hostess should ever forget.

After lunch the young people wandered into the conservatory, and while Cissy, who was really interested in flowers, dragged Madge away to look at something, Harry came close to Kitty and murmured in her ear: "Oh do come away somewhere, Kitty. I can't stand this kind of thing much longer."

"They are tiresome," assented Kitty; "say you have a headache, and go and lie down."

"I shall not even see you if I do that," he whispered; and then he got her to look into his eyes till she coloured to a deep pink, and wondered what on

earth he meant. "Don't go, Kitty," he pleaded as she turned to move back to where the others were standing; "they never let me have a word with you, and you are the only person I care to talk to at all."

"Wait till I take you to the desert island," she replied, laughing, though her foolish little heart bounded with sudden delight at the sweet new homage. Those first draughts are so intoxicating!

"Take me there and stay," said Harry, looking very sentimental and trying to take her hand; "I shall never want to come away again, you know."

Kitty drew her hand away and began slowly to walk up the fragrant path. She was amazed to find that she had nothing to say. Harry, on the contrary, had discovered that he was really on the verge of falling in love again. He had thought that diversion over for ever, and promptly resolved to make the most of this little treat.

"Kitty, dear," he said, hurrying after the white frock between the ferns, "give me something to look forward to all day; come and meet me here this evening,—late,—I have a million things to tell you."

Before Kitty could answer, Roy cannoned against her from a side path full of palms, and they darted off together, leaving Harry in doubt as to whether his bold request would be granted or not.

Soon afterwards he was pounced on by Lady Marston and carried away behind the fat black horses, while Cissy and Madge Harcourt made a listless four, with Roy and Kitty, at lawn-tennis.

"I never will go there again," fumed Madge to her sister on the way home. "It is as if Lady Marston just asked one to make one miserable! Fancy whisking away the only man, all to

herself,—even though he is a conceited beast—and leaving us to play tennis with those horrid children all the afternoon!"

"It struck me as rather funny," said Cissy, who never expected much attention herself, and so could see the humorous points of a situation; "looks as if Mother Marston meant to start a little flirtation all on her own account, doesn't it?"

Harry was brought back, limp and silent, in the late afternoon, shaken with driving over country roads and uncomfortably certain that all the cups of tea he had been obliged to swallow, combined with the exhausting effect of three hours of Lady Marston's clanging chatter, would make wild work of his digestion. In great depression he entered the house and cast searching glances round in the hope of finding Kitty, who was nowhere to be seen. Near one of the windows the wreck of a tea-tray, and various crumby plates, showed where she and her friends had passed, but silence reigned in the deserted drawing-room.

"I hope you won't be overtired, Harry," said Lady Marston, passing him as he turned back into the hall, "will you have some more tea? No? Well, I shall go and lie down for an hour before dinner and I really should advise you to do the same. You look quite tired; I think I'll send you some ammoniated quinine."

"I'll take a brandy and soda if I may, Cousin Alicia," replied he, catching at any straw of comfort. "I think I'll go and find Todman."

"Just as you like," said she; "but really the other would be so much better for you, you know."

"I daresay you're right," assented Harry, diving into the dining-room as quickly as he could. Lady Marston passed upstairs shaking her head sadly over his weakness.

Harry got his brandy and soda from

the sympathetic butler, who gave it him strong, and as he left the dining-room he was met by Roy with a face full of grave importance.

"Can I speak to you one minute, Mr. Surtees?" the boy asked. "Just come along here," and he linked his arm in Harry's and marched him away to a deep recess where a number of low chairs, a heavy curtain, and a window to the sunset, made a snug oasis in the length of the hall.

"What is it then?" said Harry, when he was seated and Roy had peered about to see that nobody was listening.

"It's Kitty," whispered Roy with tremendous gravity; "she says——"

"What does she say?" Harry sat up and spoke quite excitedly.

"She says she's going to look at the big palm at a quarter to eleven. Of course I don't know what she means." Roy looked candid and sober as a Sunday seraph.

"Never mind," said Harry, "you're —you're a good boy, Roy. I've a great mind,"—and here he put his fingers in his waistcoat pocket and felt for half-a-sovereign that lay there.

"Yes!" said Roy, trying to conceal his elation, for he felt a tip coming.

"Never mind now! Run along and say it's all right, and,—don't say anything to anybody else, d'you see, my boy?" He had remembered how short of money he was, and reflected that too much of it was very bad for boys.

"No fear, I shan't say a word.—Mean old cuss!"

Harry went up to dress for dinner with the pleasant glow of success upon him. "Women are all alike, from fifteen to fifty," he thought. "Fancy her deliberately making an appointment! The little monkey! After all, I suppose it's natural,—first decent-looking chap she's ever spoken to, of course. Thank Heaven I thought of coming here!"

With which pious sentiment Harry began a long and elaborate toilet, at the end of which he certainly was very "decent-looking" indeed. A carriage had driven up to the front door while he was engaged on this important business, but as his whole soul was just then centred on his white tie, he had been unable even to speculate as to who the guest might be till, fully dressed, he opened his door and came out into the wide corridor. He stood still and sniffed suspiciously. He was very sensitive to perfumes, and there was that in the air which required classifying at once; as yet he had only known one person who left that trail of White Rose and Russia leather behind her. He closed his door and stepped on slowly, listening as he went. A sound of voices came from the next landing; a question,—that was Lady Marston,—an answer—oh confusion, that was Lily Barton! Then two silk gowns went rustling down the stairs together, and Harry, returning to his room, sat down on the chair nearest the door and cursed wickedly till the second gong sounded.

## CHAPTER X.

CURSING was no use, however, and he unwillingly crept downstairs. The alternative of staying in his room on pretence of sudden illness presented itself to his mind, but was instantly dismissed. Be deprived of a dinner, perhaps of a wife and a fortune, by Mrs. Barton,—now? No indeed; he was an independent being, and refused to remember that he had ever been more to her than any other man who knew her well enough to invite himself to dinner occasionally and to help her in the choice of wines. He never had been anything more; she probably poured out those endless confidences to everybody. He would stand it out, he said to himself; he

had done nothing to be ashamed of ; and then he had opened the drawing-room door, and Mrs. Barton's hazel eyes had smiled on him in gentle recognition ; he had pressed her fingers warmly from sheer force of habit, and was standing close to her black flounces, with despair in his heart, and an obedient smile frozen on his face. Kitty was watching him in amazement, for he had hardly dared to glance her way yet, and she was conscious of looking very nice to-night, — not entirely in honour of "Mrs. Bombazine."

Roy and she had already exchanged opinions about the lady in one mute glance. They were relieved to see how unassumingly she wore her weeds, and Kitty's heart almost smote her about the Crusader, when she noted the graceful figure in the charming black gown ; but then she caught Mrs. Barton's eyes upon herself ; they looked green and cold and questioning, horrid enough to excuse any number of practical jokes. After that the Crusader might do as he pleased !

And all because that ideal dress-maker, who was responsible for the gown, could not furnish her clients with sweet honest glances too ! Lily could order frocks by the score ; but she had made her expression herself, and it sometimes betrayed her, as home-made articles will do. She had not intended that Kitty (whom she instantly and rightly classed as a minx), should catch that searching glance. The rest of Mrs. Barton's demeanour was one of subdued sweetness, as if she were unwilling to sadden other people by her private misfortune. In ten minutes from the time when the party assembled, she had taken stock of the situation, and understood, as she thought, what had brought Harry to this dull place. From the deference with which he

treated Kitty she was convinced that the child was an heiress ; and from a caressing gaze, in which she caught him indulging while Kitty was laughing with her father, she argued, also rightly, that he was to-night, or would be to-morrow, very much in love with Miss Minx.

He looked up and found Mrs. Barton's indulgent, semi-maternal eyes upon him, and he became flurried, and took refuge in a glass of wine. It turned out to be sherry, which he loathed, and that did not improve his temper. He was sitting on Lady Marston's right, at a rather large round table ; next to him, but some way off, was Kitty, on her father's left ; Sir Francis had Mrs. Barton on the other side, and between her and Lady Marston was Roy ; Sir Francis preferred to have both children dine with them when one came down, and Roy was only too delighted of course. He sometimes had bad moments, when Lady Marston ordered him to finish his meat or stopped the butler from giving him any wine ; to-night, however, she was very much taken up with Harry, and Roy was making the most of his opportunities.

"Oh, Harry," said Mrs. Barton in a pause, "it was so frightfully hot in town yesterday ; I was quite glad for your sake that you were gone. He looks better already, Lady Marston."

Lady Marston could not believe her ears, and the rest of the party looked much amazed. What relation was Mrs. Barton to Harry Surtees ? He started a little, but recovered himself at once. Mrs. Barton went on. "You must not be surprised at my calling Mr. Surtees by his Christian name," she explained sweetly ; "I have known him such a very long time."

"Ever since I was born, in fact," said Harry with deliberation. "You have been a very kind godmother, and

of course you have a right to call me anything you please." Then he glared at her, for that glass of sherry had made a man of him at once. If only Sir Francis would give him some champagne he would break away for ever.

She was not prepared for his boldness, and met it with a rather hysterical laugh. "Social godmother, oh yes, of course! As a social godson, I think you have been rather a success; don't you agree with me, Lady Marston?"

"Humph!" remarked Sir Francis audibly. Roy caught Kitty's eye and winked. "There's another one wasted," he remarked, referring to her reproach about fibs in the morning. He certainly was a dreadful cub.

"I don't quite understand," said Lady Marston, which was true. But she was a woman of one idea. Just now that idea was to get invitations to the right houses next season for herself and Kitty, and she came back to facts at once. "I should think you would make an admirable social godmother, as you call it," she said. "Kitty and I shall come and creep under your wing next year, shan't we, dear?" and she turned to her daughter with a confiding smile.

"Delighted, I'm sure," replied Lily Barton, while Harry tried not to laugh at the idea of her conducting their stout hostess to a smart house in the height of the season. She had quite enough to do to take care of herself, as he well knew. How many an invitation had he procured for her! But he was going to assert himself now. The champagne had gone round and he felt equal to anything. He leaned sideways towards Kitty and said in low tones: "Don't forget your promise, Kitty!"

"What promise?" said she, turning sharply.

"Oh,—to take me out sailing, you know,—er,—to-morrow!"

"If Papa's blow doesn't come off," she replied, then turning to her father, she went on: "Your gale is hanging fire, Daddy. I'm afraid you didn't order it in time."

"Why, it's raging now, my dear," said Sir Francis, with funny little lines appearing at the corners of his eyes; "don't you hear it?"

There was silence, as everyone listened for a few seconds. Then Roy and Kitty both laughed aloud. "There isn't a breath, sir," exclaimed the boy; "we were broiled on the court this afternoon, and Madge's fringe was all ends by the time she went away."

"Nevertheless," maintained Sir Francis, "that gale is raging now, and will blow for exactly two weeks from yesterday. I hope you understand me, Katherine."

A silence fell on the party, and Kitty almost had tears in her eyes. Papa was forbidding her to sail during the whole of Cousin Harry's visit.

"I may be getting a little deaf," remarked Lady Marston, who never understood her husband's wishes except when a higher duty compelled her to go against them; "they say neuralgia has that effect sometimes, but I really thought it was a very still, warm evening. Is there a wind, Todman?" she asked suddenly of the butler standing behind her chair. Harry winced at the breach of etiquette.

"No, my lady, it's a very close night," replied Todman, recalled from his professional condition of deaf mute by her question. "Shall I open another window, my lady?" he asked.

"No," she said, and then her eyes went back to Sir Francis, who was actually speaking. In general he was nearly as mute as the efficient Todman.

"There, Kitty, I don't want to be unkind, but there is one thing I will not have done. You are not going to sea in your bit of a boat, with Roy for a skipper and a cockney like Harry for cargo. Either you would knock him into the sea, or he would upset you for certain."

"I am sorry you think so badly of my seamanship," said Harry, magnanimously. "I have occasionally ridden the briny wave in a friend's yacht, and I don't remember that any inquest took place afterwards."

It really was nice of him, Kitty thought, to take Papa's unkind speech so amiably, and she gave him a little glance of gratitude which made him feel very good.

"That is all very well, Harry," insisted Sir Francis, who meant to have his way for once; "a yacht is a big thing, where one landsman more or less doesn't count, because there's a proper skipper, with a crew of his own, to take charge of them all. I'd let you go anywhere with Jamieson; he's a born seaman, and the Minx is a first-rate vessel. But Kitty's boat is meant for the river, and she's too small to carry passengers even there."

After this there was nothing more to be said. Mrs. Barton, who had wisely refrained from joining in the discussion, tried to warm up another, on big sleeves and the South African policy of the Government; but it did not take, and everyone was relieved when Lady Marston rose from the table.

"You may stay with us, Roy," said his father, as the boy was dutifully preparing to follow the women out of the room. The prospect of a tête-à-tête with Harry Surtees was too much for Sir Francis to-night. He disliked his cousin intensely, suspected him of unknown evil, and was certain that he had never hit anything in his life. A nice person to have for two weeks in the house! And then

that widow! Really Alicia was too bad.

"Now then, Roy," he said to the boy, "pass the wine to Mr. Surtees. No, not for you,—you may have a little port though; that never hurt anybody yet."

"It has quite gone out of fashion," said Harry, who no longer felt bound to be magnanimous, now that Kitty was not there to see it.

"So much the worse for the fashion," growled his host. "You stick to the old wines, Roy, when you grow up, and there'll be some chance of your turning out a decent English gentleman after all. There aren't many of that sort left." Then he lighted a big cigar.

"I think I'll join the ladies if you don't mind," said Harry. There was no particular use in sitting here to be scolded by Kitty's dreadful old father.

"Just as you please," said that person.

"I say, don't forget the palm tree," whispered Roy, suddenly seized with a fit of good manners, and opening the door for Mr. Surtees.

"No fear!" replied the other in the same tone.

"That," said Sir Francis, as Roy returned to his seat and began to devour nuts and raisins, "is the most useless and objectionable type of man there is in this world. Don't you ever try to imitate it, Roy."

Roy had his mouth full, but managed to reply in Harry's own words, "No fear!"

## CHAPTER XI.

IN the drawing-room Mrs. Barton was asking a number of polite questions, about houses no one of which had she the faintest idea of taking. She would not stay in Devonshire a day longer than was necessary to prevent Harry Surtees

from proposing to Kitty Marston. With a little care a fortnight should be quite enough to make him feel how necessary her friendship was to him, quite enough to show him how hopelessly bored he could be by these tiresome provincials. Then she would discover that the climate was too relaxing for her, and that she would probably be better suited on the north coast. But Lady Marston did not know all this, and had really taken some trouble to find and inspect empty houses in the neighbourhood, and had a great deal to tell Mrs Barton on the subject.

When Harry came in from the dining-room, much sooner than he was expected, Lady Marston rose hurriedly from Mrs. Barton's side, saying that she had forgotten to write a necessary note,—she would come back directly—and so left the room. Kitty was sitting at the piano, humming the air of a song in an undertone, and picking out the accompaniment to it. She looked as fresh and fair as the roses in the old silver bowl by her side. Her hair shone gold in the soft lamp-light, and a string of small pearls round her white neck twinkled with every movement of her head. Harry's eyes rested on her admiringly, though decency required that he should take the seat left vacant at Mrs. Ebford Barton's side.

"You might have told me you were coming here," he said at last, seeing that she was waiting for him to speak.

"You seemed to care so little where I went,—the last time we met—that it would hardly have been worth while to trouble you." Mrs. Barton spoke low and was looking straight before her.

"That was horribly unkind of me, wasn't it?" said Harry. "I wonder

you condescended to recognise me to-night."

He supposed that she wanted to quarrel, and he was quite ready to humour her. It would not be the first time, by any means; she had made more than one scene in the long years that their acquaintance had lasted. Some women enjoyed that sort of thing; but he had borne quite enough. He was so tired of her exigent kindness that the time had come to lead her into saying something violent, which he could fasten upon as a reason for breaking off their so-called friendship. Men of poor Harry's kind excel in carrying through such delicate negotiations. The foolish, angry woman is induced to cut her own throat, as it were, while the blameless man, too high-minded not to be shocked at such an exhibition, retires from the scene in offended majesty,—and does not call again!

"Why are you so disagreeable?" Mrs. Barton asked suddenly, turning and looking into Harry's face. "Have you begun to hate me because I am in trouble, after all these years?"

"Listen," said Harry eagerly, and forgetting her in a sudden impression of pleasure. Kitty had found her words at last, and sang in her fresh, untrained voice.

Shall the past be counted at all, my  
sweet,  
When you sit by me with your hand  
in mine?  
Have I lived at all till this day we  
meet?  
See, I kneel new made at your little  
feet,  
And I empty the lees of the dead  
years' wine  
From my heart's deep cup, to your  
health, my sweet!

Mrs. Barton here murmured something about "the usual thing, those horrid English words," but Harry

took no notice of her, and Kitty went on, unconscious of criticism.

There! It is empty, close to your hand,  
Will you dip it and fill from Love's  
foaming sea?

Shall we drain it together, and under-  
stand

The secret that swims in the mystic  
brand,

What I am to you, love, what you are  
to me!

See, the cup lies empty of all, in your  
hand!

"Really," thought Mrs. Barton, as she closed the eye-glass which had been levelled at Kitty (who was only singing to amuse herself, poor child, with very little thought of the meaning of the words), "there is nothing that girls won't say nowadays, if they can get it set to music." Then she looked at her companion and saw on his face a light which had never shone there for her. His eyes were moist, his lips parted, and as he leaned forward and gazed at Kitty, his whole expression was one of idiotically happy admiration. Mrs. Barton made up her mind at once. "So pretty," she murmured; "thank you so much, Miss Marston. Will you take me into the conservatory, Harry? It is just over there."

She rose without waiting for his answer, and he followed with a bad grace. As they passed out, Kitty's voice rose again in some old refrain, and Mrs. Barton shivered slightly.

"Are you cold?" asked Harry rather brutally. She had taken his arm.

"No, but I can't stand false notes. Why don't they teach girls to sing before they let them make exhibitions of themselves?"

Harry was silent. He knew nothing about music, but the song had stirred him strongly. He did not want to discuss it with Lily Barton.

"Come and sit down here," she

said, pointing to the seat under the big palm which Roy had named as Kitty's trysting-place.

She sank down and he seated himself unwillingly beside her, and began to look at something in an opposite direction.

"Do talk to me about yourself," said Lily, humbly; "why should you suddenly shut me out of your life? I miss you so dreadfully!"

"That's very good of you," said Harry, who was quite willing to put the inevitable quarrel off for a little if she would be reasonable; "but you see I have no particular experiences just now to talk about." He furtively glanced at his watch; it wanted twenty minutes to eleven. Confound it, why would she not go in, and let Kitty come out!

"Dreadfully," Lily went on, "I never felt so lonely in my life. What have I done to make you angry?"

"My dear lady," said Harry, trying hard to be patient this time, since it was getting so late, "do be reasonable. How could you possibly have made me angry, and what on earth is all this fuss about?"

He thought he heard someone coming. There certainly were steps at the other end of the greenhouse, and Kitty had stopped singing.

"You used to say, over and over again," Mrs. Barton spoke with an ominous catch in her breath, "that you had rather be with me on a *desert island* than with any other woman—oh even in Paris—with millions! Say it again, Harry," here she began to cry a little; "after all that I have suffered it will break my heart if you change now."

She really was crying, and steps were approaching. Harry felt that it was one of those situations where perjury becomes a duty. He took her hand and squeezed it while he said, as fast as the words would come: "My

dear Lily, please understand that I *never* change towards my friends! I feel to you just as I always have felt" (which was perhaps true), "and as for desert islands, why, of course, I would rather be alone with you, on Juan Fernandez, than with anybody else, oh—in Timbuctoo!" He was getting confused, and a rustling behind their screen of palms inspired him with the strongest desire to get her away.

"Are you sure, Harry?" she whispered, looking at him through her tears.

"Oh, utterly sure!" he answered, kissing her hand violently. "Now do go in, and I'll follow; somebody's coming and they really must not see us together so much. Heaven only knows what I've committed myself to," he wailed inwardly, as she moved away flushed and radiant. "Now let's see who is at the other end of this place."

The big palm was surrounded by several little ones and various other floral encumbrances, making a kind of shrubbery in the middle of the conservatory. As Harry moved round it cautiously, Roy crept from an opening in the green things to the spot where the conversation just recorded had taken place. His expression was one of extreme candour and gravity. "It's only me, Mr. Surtees," he said, as Harry came round to him in due course. "Kitty says—" and he stopped in sheepish hesitation.

"Well, make haste, what does Kitty say?" inquired Harry, looking at him very hard. He hoped the youngster had heard nothing. These cubs were always pitiless.

"She says," whispered Roy, "won't you please come to the schoolroom in half an hour."

"Why won't she come here?" asked Harry, suspecting a trap.

"Shall I tell you?" asked Roy. "Promise you won't tell her if I do; she'd never forgive me."

"I won't tell," said Harry; "what on earth is the matter?"

"Well, it's just this," said Roy, with resolute candour; "she's got some idiotic dressing-up trick on, to frighten the housekeeper, and I said I wouldn't help her, and she wants you to! That's what it is!"

"Ah," said Harry, pulling his moustache. "Why won't you help her? I should think it was very much in your line." It was disappointing to find that he was only wanted for a stupid practical joke after all.

"I am not tall enough," explained Roy with humility. "You see I'd have to carry her on my shoulder along the balcony past old Goodwin's window,—her room is up there—and Kitty wants to make faces at her, or something; Goody's always scolding us about things, and Kitty means to pay her out to-night; but Kitty's a good weight, I can tell you, and I had rather somebody else carried her than me. You look so strong she thought you could do it easily. You'd make her look about eight feet high."

"I don't mind carrying Kitty," said Harry, "only she must protect me from Mrs. Goody's wrath if we are found out."

"We won't give you away," said Roy; "Goody is sure to think it's me. Come along quietly to the schoolroom as soon as they have all gone to bed. You are a trump!"

And away scudded Macchiavelli in an Eton collar, happier than words can say. One practical joke was going to "do" three people "brown," Mr. Surtees, Mrs. Barton, and Kitty! Harry returned to the drawing-room and was soon able to slip away to his own apartment.

Now it chanced that there had been another person in the greenhouse who had less right than either Roy or Harry to show himself there, and who consequently kept carefully out of

sight. He was a shabby-looking individual of extraordinary powers; in two directions indeed he was quite a genius, these special talents being burglary and evasion of the police. For several months he had been on the track of some very fine diamonds which Mrs. Ebford Barton was fond of wearing. It was known in the profession that when not wearing them she either carried them in a shabby black bag, "not to attract attention," as she said, or put them bodily under her pillow wrapped up in a silk handkerchief. All these particulars were known, as I have said, but as yet Mrs. Barton kept her diamonds, and fancied that her methods were a secret to the world.

Ryestock was an easy house to break into, and Mr. Charles Walker felt that a kind providence was certainly watching over him, when he learned that Mrs. Barton's diamonds were going to pay a visit there. A friendly glass with a stable-boy had given him the plan of the house. The guest-rooms opened on "that kind of upstairs verandey thing runnin' round the west wing of the 'ouse," and Mr. Walker was only waiting for the darkness, to climb a water-pipe, conveniently ringed for his feet, which would land him just outside Mrs. Barton's window, at the moment when she might be expected to take the parcel out of her pocket and lay it under her pillow. The rest would be child's play. The lights were being put out in the lower rooms, — now for it! Mr. Walker, who had only come into the conservatory from a professional desire to take notes generally, slipped out into the garden at the farther end, and was lost to view.

Harry had not felt so young for many years, as when, in stocking-feet, he crept from his own room, down one flight of stairs and through a pitch-black corridor to the school-

room door. Everything was very still, but there was a light shining through the keyhole. Cautiously he tried the handle; the door was locked, but an unearthly whisper came through the opening, *Wait!*

He did wait, changing from one foot to the other for fear of catching cold in his shoeless condition. He got impatient, wondered what he could exact from naughty Kitty in payment for this discomfort, perhaps a kiss,—the first ever bestowed by her sweet lips on sinful man—then the door opened, there was a little scuffle in the room, and the light was blown out.

He was not left quite in darkness, however, for a fearful apparition, a few feet away, made him start sensibly, and though he believed it masked the dearest little girl in the world, he felt a curious reluctance to approach anything so extremely well done. The regulation death's head looked very awful, blazing with blue light on the surrounding darkness, and a long white robe was just visible beneath it, marked, as it seemed, with blood.

"Make haste and pick me up, or the phosphorus will burn out!" said a gentle whisper from behind the horror.

Harry approached, holding out his arms, and pale Death jumped nimbly on a chair, and picked up the blood-stained garment. Harry stooped a little and found himself rapturously embracing a bundle of skirts with something inside them, while a solid person of some kind sat comfortably down on his shoulder. The white draperies were let down around him, and he began to stagger towards the door.

"Easy," whispered the goddess on his shoulder; "don't you bash my head in, man! Turn to the right!"

Poor Harry, walking uncertainly in

swathes of cotton, with something near ten stone on his right shoulder, began to think it was pleasanter to look at pretty girls than to carry them. He was half stifled, and his burden, fearful of falling, kept clutching his head with one hand as she swayed about. What would his hair look like when he put her down? And, — how odd that he had not noticed the strong odour of leather and bulls' eyes in her vicinity before! Dear little Tomboy, she should pay him for this!

"Here, now go slowly!" whispered the Mischief on his shoulder, and he felt stone flags under his feet and the open air blowing up under the folds of the ghost's drapery.

"Will you give me a kiss afterwards, Kitty?" said Mr. Surtees.

"Twenty, only hold me tight," gasped the supposed Kitty, and actually stood up in his arms. He could feel her gesticulating wildly, the drapery was flying hither and thither, and just as he was wondering how soon he would have to drop her, there was a fearful shriek from some one quite near, Death bounded from his shoulder and flew past him, saying, "Run for your life," and disappeared in the shadow.

There was nothing for it but to obey, and he ran faster than he had run since he was a boy, back to the schoolroom, to claim Miss Tomboy's thanks. But a light seemed to be coming out of a bedroom; there were

steps on the stairs, and common prudence commanded him to return to his own room, which he did rapidly.

He entered, locked the door, and then almost jumped through it backwards, for, dangling its feet from the edge of the bed sat the Crusader with its death-mask gone and Roy's jovial countenance smiling in its place.

"Did it well, didn't we, Cousin Harry? Want those twenty kisses? If not I'll be going, I think; but I'll leave you the togs, there's going to be a row. Hear Mrs. Bombazine's hysterics?"

Harry was speechless, but began to move towards a corner where a cane was standing handy. A long scream came from a room not far off.

"None of that, please," said Master Roy, slipping off the bed and dropping his white disguise and his sister's skirt on the floor together. "If you touch me I'll tell Mrs. Barton all about it. She's doing the screaming 'cause it was her window we went to,—see?"

"You little devil," said Harry, between his teeth. "I'm going to thrash the life out of you, do you hear?"

Roy dodged the cane, dived behind an armchair, and got out of the door in a few seconds, Harry hitting wildly at him and bringing the stick down on the furniture instead. The boy disappeared, and Harry for the second time locked the door and sank into a chair. The "little devil" had made a very complete thing of it!

*(To be continued.)*